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REMEMBRANCES.

BY RITA.

Softly fell a lover's words
In the quiet night;
Never note of sweetest birds
Brought so rare delight.

Softly fell the lover's looks
On the wistful face;
Never moonlight on the brooks
Brought so rare a grace.

Oh! those unforgotten words,
Through the long, long night,
Never note of sweetest birds
Bringeth back delight.

Oh! those unforgotten looks,
In these after years!
Never torrent in the brooks
Floweth as my tears.

Oh! that we had never met
In the cruel past:
Never, never to forget—
Loving to the last!

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

AT length, when the silence had grown so oppressive that Sidney felt she could bear the uncertainty no longer, she unclasped the little hands, removed from her fourth finger the great blazing diamond hoop which Stephen had placed there, and held it out to him with little trembling fingers which shook like the leaves of the aspen-tree.

Stephen put out his strong hand and took into his warm clasp not the ring only, but the little trembling fingers which held it.

"What is that for, Sidney?" he said gently, smiling a little and speaking in a tone that he might have adopted to a child whom he was half rallying, half chiding for some foolish action.

"Does it not fit properly? I got it loose on purpose, you know, dear, because I hoped to see these tiny fingers a little plumper by-and-by."

"Will you not take it?" she asked tremulously.

"Not if you will keep it," he answered gently and gravely; and at the tender words, without a touch of reproach, the girl's composure failed her, and she burst into a passion of tears.

Without a word, and with the same tenderness in his manner which had marked his words before, Stephen put his arm round her and drew her to his side, holding her and giving her the support of his arm until the passion of tears was over and she stood leaning against him, very pale and exhausted, but calm again.

"You are better?" he said. "Yes? That is well, my child."

He was holding her hand in his caressingly.

He had slipped on the ring, and was keeping it in its place with his firm gentle touch.

"We will leave it there, Sidney, for a few weeks yet," he added softly; "and then I will take it off and replace it with a plainer one. Dear," he went on, bending over her tenderly, "if I could see anything in the future for you happier or better than this, I would give you your freedom; but I think you will be happier under my care than you are now, and you can trust me, Sidney."

"And you will help me?" she said eagerly, looking up at him with pleading passionate eyes. "Stephen, you are so clever and so strong and he is innocent, you know, and he——"

The words died away upon her lips, killed by the sudden change on his face, which had grown cold and stern and very hard.

Afterwards Sidney remembered that sudden change, and thought that she knew its cause.

Now that it only pained her, she did not try to account for it.

"Dear," he said, gently still, but with a coldness in his voice which had not been there before, "let us understand each other.

"In all things I will study your wishes, in all things, save one, you shall command me, and you shall have ample means to gratify all your fancies; but, Sidney, in that one thing I must be firm.

"I cannot allow my wife to trouble herself any farther about such a hopeless chimera.

"Had Frank Greville—forgive me if I hurt you, my child—been innocent, he would not have fled like one guilty, had he not committed the crime, he would have been cleared ere now.

"Why should you wear yourself out beating against the rock, dear?

"Why should you make your future life a long miserable period of unrest and anguish?

"That the trouble which has fallen upon you must darken your life somewhat," he went on bitterly, "I know only too well; but would it not be wiser, dear child, to accept the happiness which is left to you, and not struggle after that which is unattainable?"

He had put her gently into a chair, and stood beside her now, tall and grave and gentle, looking down at the slender trembling form which lay back in the depths of the great old-fashioned chair in an attitude of weary depression, as if the girl were worn out by her suffering and could struggle against her misery no longer.

"That I will try to make you happy you know, I think," he went on tenderly—"and Sidney, I do not despair of succeeding. I know you do not love me; but you trust me, I think, and we are old friends, and I ——"

He checked himself suddenly, fearing that the passionate love-words which rose so readily to his lips would only startle her and make her shrink from him, not guessing how she yearned for one word of love from him, one word to prove that it was not only out of pity for her that he was making her his wife.

Sidney, resting wearily against the cushions of the old chints-covered chair, looked up at him with her sorrowful, almost despairing eyes, and in her blindness saw nothing of the great love he felt for her, a love so great that she could hardly have fathomed its depths even had she known it.

And yet, although she was blind to the love, there was a dim vague consciousness in the depths of her sorrowful heart of the great generosity of the man who was willing to give her so much in return for so little, who would give her wealth and position and unfailing kindness and consideration out of sheer pity for her loneliness.

Had she any right to accept such a sacrifice?

Would it not be only just to offer him back his freedom?

He had not considered himself enough, he had not remembered that in marrying her he was shutting himself out from better and happier things, putting it out of his power to marry a woman whom he could love.

It would only be right to offer him his freedom, and, if he accepted it, to let him go without permitting him to guess what it cost her to do so.

If he accepted it——

In her intense earnestness she raised herself from the cushions and turned to him, trying to subdue all signs of her own agitation and pain.

She did not know how perfectly colorless her face was as she raised it to his, she did not know of the terrible fear which lay in the depths of her sweet eyes, of the pitiful lips that were so dry and parched that she made two attempts to speak before the piteous broken words came.

"Stephen!"

He bent towards her, taking the little trembling hands in his and holding them tenderly in his strong clasp.

"What is it, dear? What is distressing you so terribly?"

Still looking up at him with her frightened eyes, and trembling very much, she stood upright, leaving the little unsteady hands in his, in the strong clasp she was about to relinquish for ever.

"Stephen," she repeated, trying to speak steadily, but in a voice so low that it was almost inaudible, and Stephen had to bend his head low over hers to hear the broken words, "it is not right. I ought not to let you make such a sacrifice; you will be sorry by-and-by when it will be too late. See—take back your promise, and ——"

The faint voice died away on the pale lips the sweet eyes still looked up to him piteously, but the expression on the face on which they rested had changed, and was brightening slowly into intense joy.

Sidney, looking up and seeing the change mistook its cause, and went on more calmly now.

"It will be better," she said gently. "Let us be friends still. Why should you wreck all your future happiness for my sake? I know" —the sweet voice was breaking now —"that you will always be my friend, and I—I have no right to ask—— Oh, Stephen, I hope, I hope you will be happy!"

"Do you want to throw me over?" he asked softly, smiling as he looked down at her with a world of passionate tenderness in his dark eyes, yet not without an air of joyful triumph.

"I want you to be happy," she whispered the color coming into her face until it blushed like the heart of a rose.

"And you think I cannot be happy with you?" he questioned softly, looking down at the sweet eyes which had drooped now, and over which the white lids had fallen so low that the long dark lashes rested on the pink cheeks. "Is that so, Sidney?"

"I think—I think that you may be shutting yourself out from happier things."

"What happier things?"

"A wife whom you would love"—ah, how low and timid the pretty voice was now!—"and who would love you, and——"

The triumph was dying out of his eyes, but there was no room for it there because of the intense tenderness which dwelt in them.

"And?" he whispered softly.

"And who would make you happy," Sidney said desperately, raising her eyes to his for a moment, but dropping the white lids again immediately under his glance.

There was a minute's silence, then Stephen put both arms tenderly round her and drew her fondly to him.

"Will you never understand?" he asked softly.

"Is it so very difficult my darling? Do you not know that I love you as I could never love any other woman in the whole world? Do you not know that to have you as my wife—the greatest happiness of all—will be mine by-and-by—the happiness of knowing that my wife loves me in the same way—although, in a lesser degree perhaps—as I love her. May I hope it, Sidney?"

There was no answer.

The pretty head was resting upon his breast, the fair face hidden against his shoulder; but, though the sweet lips were silent, there was eloquence in the little clinging hands, in the soft pressure of the pretty shining head as it rested against him.

Stephen Daunt's heart was beating fast as he bent his head and said softly—

"May I, Sidney?"

"Stephen, is it true? Would it be happiness to you?"

Very shyly and sweetly the words were uttered.

Stephen drew her yet more closely to his beating heart.

"Darling, I have told you," he whispered —"the greatest happiness life can hold for me!"

"Then, if you will have it, if you really care to have it, it is yours."

It was well perhaps for Stephen Daunt and for Sidney Arnold that this sunshiny dream of happiness should be granted them now in the short calm which preceded the storm that was so soon to burst over them.

And such dreams are very pleasant, full of a golden, sunlit, gorgeous beauty, and are only bitter when the dreamers awake.

* * * * *

Sidney's wedding-day came in "the time of roses."

They were all in bloom in the old-fashioned garden at the rear of the Gray House, scenting the sweet summer air with their fragrance, brightening it with their fresh loveliness and exquisite coloring, their soft hues of pink and damask and yellow and spotless white.

Never had there been a greater profusion of roses, people said.

They bloomed everywhere—in the cottage gardens, in the little latticed windows, in the rosary at Lambswold, over the pointed porches of the lodges, in the hedges, and on the hill-tops.

Everywhere the roses bloomed, save on the face of the young bride-elect when Bessie came in to call her on her wedding-morning and found her lying back upon her bed, white and cold and insensible in a deadly swoon.

Bessie's first impulse was to summon assistance, and she had taken a few steps in the direction of the bell, when she paused, and, turning away again, went back slowly to the little white bed, and looked down at the motionless form lying there.

Sidney had not been to bed; that was evident, for she still wore the pretty pale blue dressing-gown which Bessie had given her on the night before, when she had left her, at Sidney's wish, to go and assist Dolly, who was spending the night at the Gray House, and who was unused to dispense with the services of a maid.

Her hair was falling around her, lying in long golden brown waves upon the pillows and the ivory-backed brush lay where it had fallen from the nerveless hand.

Bessie glanced round the room anxiously but there was no other signs of disturbance; the pretty dressing-table, with its ornaments and knick knacks, and the candles burnt down into their sockets, were as usual.

The charming old-fashioned room was in its usual order; but one of the windows was partly open, and the curtain pushed back, as if by a hasty hand which had not time to use it other than roughly.

Going back to the bedside, the old woman lifted the girl's head upon her arm, and moved her into a less constrained position on the bed.

As she did so, she became aware that the swoon was less a swoon now than the heavy stupor and faintness succeeding a long insensibility, for a shiver shook the girl's frame as she stirred her, and the heavy eye-lids quivered and half raised themselves from the languid eyes, only to fall again

the next moment once more, while the hand Bessie touched was cold as marble, and, when she released it again, it fell back upon the bed as heavily and stiffly as marble itself might have fallen.

More alarmed now, Bessie hurriedly brought water, and, lifting her mistress's head, held it to her lips, and then bathed her face and brow with it.

Something withheld her from summoning assistance.

She would not do so unless she were obliged.

She did not wish to give the busy tongues of the household and of Mrs. Arnold food for comment.

Whatever was the cause of Sidney's swoon, it was nothing they need know, she felt sure.

She redoubled her terrified efforts in her anxiety to do without the help she would otherwise so quickly have obtained.

At last a glimmer of consciousness crept into the marble face lying on Bessie's arm; the heavy lids were slowly raised, and Sidney's great dark eyes opened and stared up with a strange fixed vacancy of regard at the tender anxious face bending over her.

"You are better, dearie?" the old woman said, gently smoothing away the hair from the girl's white brow, and thinking sorrowfully how like the fair face was to the face of Sidney's mother, as it lay among the soft white satin and flowers which lined her coffin.

"Better?" Sidney's pale lips muttered inquiringly, almost as if Bessie had spoken in some unknown tongue. "Better?"

"Yes; you have been ill, dearie," Bessie said soothingly; "but you are better now. I will fetch you some tea. Are you well enough to be left?"

Again the strange puzzled look of inquiry crossed the girl's pale face; then, seeming to understand the question, she faintly muttered an affirmative, and sank back again upon her pillows, turning from the light as if it hurt her.

When Bessie returned with the cup of strong hot tea she deemed the best restorative, she was obliged to lift and support Sidney while she drank it; and it required all her strength to assist her into an armchair, thinking that the change of posture would revive her more effectually.

But, though the terrible vacant look had somewhat faded, still her face had by no means resumed its ordinary expression, and the slow movements of the little hands as they put back the heavy falling hair, were faint and languid to a strange degree, and she was so silent that the power of speech might have been deemed to have left her.

Bessie moved about the room mechanically, setting about her duties in some dismay and distress.

What terrible thing had happened? she wondered.

That Sidney's prostrate condition was not due solely to bodily illness she felt sure; and what had caused it? There had been no quarrel she knew.

Stephen had spent the previous evening at the Grey House, and that morning a mounted groom had ridden over from Lambswold with a parcel for Sidney and a note, which parcel and note lay upon a table where Bessie had deposited them in her alarm on entering the room. What had happened?

With her head drooping forward on her breast, Sidney watched her as she moved about the room, active and noiseless in her movements, tall and erect in the handsome black silk dress and smartly beribboned cap she had donned in honor of her darling's wedding-day—an attire which perhaps served to remind the girl of what she seemed to have forgotten; for, as she noticed it, she started a little.

"Bessie," she said abruptly, but in a voice whose accents were like those of one enfeebled by long suffering, "what day is this?"

Bessie turned briskly, trying to disguise her anxiety under an affectation of great cheerfulness.

"What day is this?" repeated Sidney.

"Why, Miss Sidney dear, where have your thoughts wandered to? Have you forgotten what day this is? Surely not! No girl ever forgets on awakening that it is her wedding day."

"Her wedding-day?" echoed Sidney, in the same hushed voice; and the slender drooping frame began to tremble so piteously that Bessie ran to her and caught her in her arms.

"What has happened, my dearie?" she asked tenderly. "What has frightened you? Tell your old nurse, my dearie—tell Bessie."

The tender voice and touch moved Sidney as nothing else could have moved her; she clung to the old woman with her little feeble hands, and said faintly—

"Bessie, Bessie!"—and again, in a few moments, "Bessie, Bessie!"

And the old woman, holding the little trembling figure in her strong arms, kissed and fondled her self she had still been the child who had lain on her breast twenty years before.

"Can't you tell me, dearie? What has happened to distress and frighten you?" she whispered. "Shall I call the Doctor, Miss Sidney, or——"

"No, no, no," Sidney called out, in sudden passionate alarm—"do not call any one! There is nothing—— What do you mean, Bessie? I was only a little tired, and I had bad dreams—yes, I had bad dreams—oh, such terrible dreams!"

"But the dreams are over now, my dear," Bessie said tenderly; "they need not trouble you to-day. Look how the sun is shining for you, Miss Sidney; and, if it is true that 'happy is the bride the sun shines on,' surely your wedded life will be happy, my dear!"

"Happy!" Sidney ejaculated, with a sudden passionate bitterness. "Is any one happy in this world, I wonder? Did you ever know any one who was happy, Bessie?"

"I think you ought to be, Miss Sidney," said Bessie stoutly.

"I? Good Heaven—I happy!" the girl cried out bitterly, leaving her seat and pacing up and down the room with hurried uneven steps, her long blue draperies falling around her, her hair tumbling about over her shoulders.

"I wonder if ever a woman on her wedding-day felt as I feel? If so, Heaven help her!"

"You must be ungrateful, Miss Sidney," said Bessie reproachfully. "No young lady ever had a brighter future in store than you have. If my dear mistress had lived to see this day, she would have said so, I am sure."

"My mother!" returned the young girl, with the same passionate pain and bitterness. "Ah, she was happy, Bessie; she died before she learnt how bitter life can be!"

She threw herself upon her knees by the bed and bowed her head on her outstretched arms.

For some minutes Bessie left her undisturbed, but the clock striking nine warned her of the lateness of the hour.

"Your bath is ready, Miss Sidney," she suggested quietly. "It is getting late, and you must have some breakfast before you dress."

Sidney raised her head wearily.

"Help me up," she said faintly; and indeed she had need of the assistance, for she could hardly stand.

But the cold water revived her, and she was able to submit to Bessie's operations and to taste the dainty breakfast she brought to her.

She was calmer now, but still pale as death, and her movements were weak and languid.

"Had I not better bring you some wine before Miss Daunt comes?" Bessie suggested, when she had dressed the pretty chestnut hair high on the small head, and surveyed her handiwork with some satisfaction. "You look so pale, Miss Sidney."

"Do I? It does not matter. I am always pale, Bessie. By-and-by, when I am a great lady of fashion, I shall get some rouge and improve my appearance. No, I won't have any wine, Bessie. I won't make a scene by fainting; you need not be afraid. What is that parcel?"

"It came with the note from Mr. Daunt this morning," Bessie answered, less reassured by Sidney's careless manner than she had meant her to be. "Shall I open it, Miss Sidney?"

"Yes, open it by all means," Sidney answered indifferently; but for all her indifference her eyes brightened into sudden admiration at sight of the beautiful parure of diamonds that Bessie disclosed, and she opened the little note with trembling fingers.

It contained only a few tender lines asking her acceptance of the gems; and Bessie's brow cleared as she saw the girl bend her head and press her lips suddenly to the paper.

Presently Dolly came in, radiant in her dainty bridesmaid's dress of soft Indian muslin and lace, with a great cloister of many-tinted roses nestling at her milk-white throat, herself as fair a flower as any of the cloister.

Then Sidney's bridal dress was donned, and the fragrant orange-blossoms fastened among the chestnut hair, and the filmy white veil thrown over all; and the girl stood arrayed on her wedding-day, so beautiful and so pale that she might have been the living embodiment of a queen-lily.

"There never was a lovelier bride!" Dolly cried enthusiastically, as she kissed her future sister; and Sidney smiled a cold smile which parted her lips but did not reach her eyes.

Ashford itself was on fete, and any stranger arriving in the town would have supposed that royalty at least was to honor it with its presence.

The cloth-mills were silent; triumphal arches had been erected wherever it was possible to erect them.

The factory operatives, in their Sunday coats, with flowers in their button-holes, accompanied by their wives in their smartest bonnets were wending their way to the church.

The school-children, in new uniforms and the prettiest of straw bonnets, with the gayest of pink ribbons, lined the pathway of the churchyard up which Sidney must pass, and the new church-bells which Mr. Daunt had presented to the town were pealing a merry chime in honor of the bride and bridegroom.

It was to be a quiet wedding, inasmuch as old friends of both families would be present.

It would be a gay wedding to outsiders, who could enjoy the decorations and arches and gay dresses, and the dinner which was to be given to the tenants and work-people in the great marquee in the park at Lambswold.

The church was crowded to excess—the nave and aisles with eager onlookers, the chancel with wedding-guests in their costly array.

There was hardly standing room for another person in the building, and outside, the churchyard was thronged with spectators, many of whom had clambered up on the railings round the burial-ground to obtain a better view.

In such a crowd escape from notice, if it were desired, would be almost certain, and many strangers had come into Ashford, attracted by the wedding-festivities—for Mr. Daunt's name was well known in the county, and Doctor Arnold's almost equally well.

The guests had all arrived; the clergymen in their spotless surplices were standing within the rails round the communion-table; Stephen Daunt, looking somewhat pale, but calm and languid and proud, was in his place.

The two bridesmaids, Dolly Daunt and pretty Bell Bevis, were waiting in the porch dainty baskets filled with fragrant roses in their hands.

Without, the excitement was at its height for Doctor Arnold's carriage was drawing near, the gray horses prancing as if proud of their mission that day.

"She is coming, she is coming!" arose the murmur among the crowd; and a man in the dress of a sailor, so bronzed and sunburnt that his face was of the hue of mahogany, swung himself up to the railings of the churchyard, and stood there to see the bride pass.

The carriage stopped; Doctor Arnold sprang out and lifted out his daughter; and at Sidney's appearance a murmur of admiration broke from the spectators.

She was pale as a lily still, there was not a shade of color in her face or lips, and she kept her eyes downcast as she walked up the carpeted pathway by her father's side.

The sunshine fell upon her as she passed, lingering lovingly on the flower-crowned head, turning the brown of her hair into gold, shining on glossy folds of satin, on the flashing diamonds on the throat and on the white wrists.

Almost like a royal bride she looked as she passed on into the porch, and then on to where Stephen waited for her, while the rich soft music of the organ filled the church with melody.

Those who were outside could breathe more freely now, and some having seen what they waited for, were willing enough to disperse; but the first to move was the sailor who had obtained such a great place on the railings.

As soon as Sidney's long white train had disappeared within the church, he sprang down from his perch, shouldered his way through the crowd, and disappeared.

Within the church the marriage-ceremony was proceeding with due solemnity.

Lady Eva was sobbing a little, holding her laced handkerchief to her pretty blue eyes, but complacently conscious through it all of the exquisite toilet which Worth had sent her for the occasion, and which made her look almost as young as her own daughter, who stood, with tears in her bright eyes as they rested upon her brother holding Sidney's bouquet and long white gloves.

While Stephen's "best man," Lloyd Milner, a young barrister who had been his great friend at Oxford, found his attention sorely distracted from his duties by the dainty little figure which looked so wonderfully charming in her bridesmaid's dress.

Very deep and earnest and tender was Stephen's voice as he made his responses, while Sidney's was so low as to be almost inaudible even to those very near her, as she stood, so slim and white in her rich satin draperies, with one sunbeam which had stolen through the stained-glass windows falling upon her, and making one vivid patch of red on her spotless white.

In after-years Sidney retained only a very faint and dim remembrance of that marriage ceremony.

She went through it all mechanically, like one moving in a dream.

She never knew quite what passed; two things only remained present with her through it all, the tender clasp of Stephen's hand over hers, and the tone of Mr. Greville's voice as he, with the other guests, wished her all happiness—for he, unlike his daughter, was present at the wedding, in order, as he said, in his cold stern voice, to show his approval of Sidney's conduct.

And then, for the last time, Sidney signed her name as "Sidney Arnold" in her pretty writing, which was not so firm or so legible as usual, and passed out of the church, leaning on her husband's arm, and went back to the old home, which was her home no longer; and thither the wedding-party followed her, and admired the presents, and partook of the dainty breakfast, and drank to the health of the bride and bridegroom, as the custom is; and then, as the custom is also, the bride slipped away to put on her traveling-dress, leaving the bridegroom to look over the telegrams of congratulation which had been sent him by his absent friends.

"I am glad you are going only as far as London to-night," Dolly said gently, as she assisted Sidney to remove all the white bridal satin and lace. "You look so pale that a longer journey would use you up. But Stephen will take care of you," she added, smiling. "Oh, Sid, how glad I am that you are my sister at last!"

"Are you, dear? Thank you, Dolly," Sidney said, with her sweet wistful smile. "I am afraid Stephen has made but a bad bargain."

"He does not think so, at any rate," Dolly answered, laughing. "It is the bargain of all others he wished to make."

Sidney's wistful eyes brightened.

To think that Stephen really loved her, notwithstanding all her own misgivings, was great and great and deep and deep happiness.

She went on dressing hurriedly, looking even prettier in her traveling-dress of pearl-gray cashmere than she had looked in her satin and lace.

"There is plenty of time," Dolly said brightly.

"Mind you write to me often Sidney, and tell me all about your travels; and don't stay away too long. I dare say that selfish brother of mine will not be very willing to come home, he will be so glad to have you all to himself.

"Poor fellow, he has had a bad time of it lately between dressmakers and milliners. Why, here is a letter for you, Sidney! It has been waiting on your table; it is the first, I suppose, that you have had addressed to 'Mrs. Stephen Daunt.'"

"A letter—for me?" Sidney questioned, starting a little and going hastily over to the dressing-table. "Oh, yes!" she added, her voice changing a little, in spite of all her efforts. "More congratulations, I suppose."

She took up the letter; but her fingers were trembling so violently that she could not open it; and she put it down hastily, glancing at Dolly to see if she noticed her intense agitation.

But Dolly, in her self-imposed labors of lady's-maid, was busy replacing the diamonds on their soft satin beds, and had not perceived Sidney's pallor and trembling limbs, and she had a minute or two in which to recover herself.

"Dolly!"

Dolly turned quickly—for, notwithstanding all her efforts, Sidney could not control her voice.

"What is it dear? Are you ill?" she asked, running to her.

"Ill?"—with a little laugh. "Oh, no! But I wonder if, amid all the confusion and bustle down-stairs, it is possible to get a cup of tea?"

"Of course! Why not?" said Dolly, laughing. "I will ring."

"No, don't ring," Sidney opposed hastily. "Will you run down yourself, dear, and ask Bessie to make it for me? She knows now I like it, you know. It is a shame to trouble you."

"A great shame!" laughed Dolly, as she departed on her errand; and, as soon as the door closed behind her Sidney snatched up the letter, and tore it open.

It bore no signature.

Sidney knew the handwriting too well to need one.

Many a tender little note that she had received in time past had been written by the same hand, and by it too had been written the words which had reached her in the snows of the previous winter but one, and which she kept still.

"I am innocent—be true to me," Frank Greville had written to her on the second day after the Coroner's Jury had found him guilty of "Wilful murder;" and the letter which awaited her on her wedding morning was in the same handwriting.

It needed no signature for Sidney to recognize it, with fascinated eyes she stood staring at the pregnant words.

"I came too late to save you from the fate you have brought on yourself. Faithless and foresworn, how can you expect to be happy? Heaven help you, Sidney! You are indeed to be pitied now!"

That was all.

There was no date, no post-mark—nothing to show how the letter had been brought, and Sidney could only conjecture.

"It is no dream then," she said, pushing back her hair from her forehead, and wonderingly dimly if her senses were leaving her in this terrible extremity. "It was Frank I saw, and he is here in Ashford! Oh, Heaven, if he should be detected, and through me! What can I do? There is no one to whom I can turn for help. What does he mean? I cannot understand this note.

"Oh, it is terrible! What have I done? What have I done to deserve such misery as this?"

She threw up her hands wildly, and began pacing restlessly up and down the room, ruthlessly trampling on the rich folds of satin of her wedding-dress, which had been thrown on the sofa, its long train trailing over the carpet, while she crumpled the note in her nervous hands.

"What can I do?" she moaned. "I have no help on any side. I dare not trust Stephen—he believes him guilty—and my father will not help me. Oh, it is too terrible—it will drive me mad!"

She dared not make any inquiries about the note, fearing to arouse suspicion.

There was no one to whom she could appeal for assistance.

She knew how firm was the general conviction of Frank's guilt.

She remembered Mr. Greville's terrible oath, and shuddered and trembled in every limb at the recollection that he was in the house among the wedding-guests, when his son must be near.

There was no other way of accounting for the note upon her table than by Frank's proximity.

If his presence in Ashford should become known to his father, the consequences would be most terrible.

And in a few minutes she must go; the carriage was already at the door to take the "happy pair" to the station, and Sidney could have cried out loud in her anguish of dread.

How could she go away in this terrible uncertainty?

How could she leave Frank, her old friend and playmate, in this strait?

And yet she was powerless—she must go—she must go!

And, above all, she must strive to let no one guess, no one suspect her fear, lest suspicion should be aroused.

What did he mean by saying that he had come too late to save her?

Had trouble and privation turned his

brain? she wondered. Why was she to be pitied now?

It was all strange and bewildering to her.

Only one thing was clear, that Frank was in the neighborhood.

That alone was sufficient to cause terrible fear and dread.

She crushed the note and hid it in her breast as she heard Dolly's voice in the passage, and in a minute Miss Daunt entered the room, carrying the tea.

"You must drink it quickly, Sidney," she said lightly. "The carriage is round, and Stephen is in a fever, saying you will miss the train."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Broken Off.

BY F. R. NELSON.

MISS SALOME WINTERGREEN and her brother Amos were at breakfast, their fare consisting of oatmeal porridge, which Amos despised, and new milk, which always made his head ache.

But both agreed with Miss Salome, and Amos meekly ate his portion and said nothing of his aversion, having long ceased to engage in unprofitable remonstrance.

There had been a long silence, during which Amos fidgeted in his chair, looked often at his sister, and sighed at the uncompromising hardness of her thin, hatchet face, the unbending stiffness of her tall, angular figure.

She had been fifty-five years in gaining both, and there was no hope of any softening relaxation of either one or the other.

Amos, short, inclined to be fat, of delicate, nervous organization, ten years younger than his sister, was afraid of her, still more afraid of the effect of the communication he wished to make.

After various futile efforts, he said at last—

"Salome, you and I are getting old."

"Indeed," with intense sarcasm; "is that a recent discovery?"

"No; but—it is a little lonesome here sometimes, Salome, now ain't it?"

"I never find it lonesome. I have plenty of work to employ my time."

"Yes, you are the smartest housekeeper in the town, Salome, everybody says so.

"But we—I—that is—I am going to be married."

It was out at last, and Amos was covered with a cold perspiration from head to foot.

"Amos Wintergreen!"

Miss Salome snapped out her brother's name with such excess of indignant amazement that the poor-spirited man fairly cowered in his chair.

But a moment later he mustered up sufficient courage to say—

"Other men get married, Salome."

"Oh!" with intense sarcasm, "they do, do they?"

"Yes, Salome, and—as I said—we are not young any longer——"

"Oh!" again. "Don't you remember the terms of your father's will, Amos Wintergreen?"

"But I am not talking of our father's will Salome."

"I am. You may remember that one condition was that I was to have a home, here, in this house, for life."

"Certainly. I never disputed that.

"And do you suppose for one moment that I am going to have your wife here, taking control?"

"But, Salome——"

"Do you suppose" in a higher key, "that I am going to live here, in my own house, under a sister-in-law?"

"But she will—— "

"Do you suppose I will play second fiddle to any Mrs. Wintergreen?"

"Now, Salome, do be reasonable."

"Reasonable. You are a complete idiot. The idea of a man, at your age, falling in love,"

"I don't see any absurdity in it," gasped poor Amos, feebly standing his ground.

"You don't. But, after all, you are not so bad as she is.

"What any woman on the face of the earth wants to marry you for is an amazement to me.

"She will have her hands full, whoever she is.

"Do you suppose any fibber-tigibbit of a wife is going to take care of you in your sick spells, or slave for you as I do?"

"I am sure, Salome, I never asked you to slave for me."

"Never asked me. That's all the sense a man has.

"You may work your fingers to the bone and that is all the thanks you get."

"You need not work so hard when you have somebody to help you, Salome."

"Who is she? One of those brazen-faced Green girls, I suppose.

"They've been angling for you for the last ten years, though you never had sense to see it."

"No, Salome, it is not one of Farmer Green's girls.

"I don't think they ever thought of such a thing."

"Who is it, then?"

"You have seen her in church, Salome. She is Mrs. Wilson's cousin, Mrs. Dunbar."

"A widow! That caps the climax. But she will never come here, Amos Wintergreen."

"She has said she would, Salome. She—she is very fond of me, and I am very fond of her."

The only answer to this timidly uttered avowal of mutual affection, was such a stony glare of wrath unutterable, that Amos Wintergreen fled, wondering within himself how he had ever mustered up courage to make the momentous announcement.

For, from the hour of his birth Amos Wintergreen had been under the rule of terror, at the hands of his strong-minded sister, Salome.

As a boy he had been cuffed and slapped, had his ears twitched, and hair pulled by the strong, nervous fingers of the elder sister.

As a man, he had been hectored into entire submission to her control, being feeble in health, and dependent greatly upon female nursing and cosseting.

Five-and-forty years these two had lived in the old house together, burying father and mother, and seemingly all-sufficient one for the other.

Then Mrs. Dunbar, a soft-voiced, brown-eyed mite of a woman came on a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Wilson, wife of the clergyman of one of the churches of Rockhill, and Amos Wintergreen met her.

Through all his life he had known no female influence save submission to the will of Salome, and all at once, he fell in love.

Fell in!

There was no deliberation about it.

Before he knew what it all meant, Mrs. Dunbar's soft, brown eyes filled his entire thoughts, and he was so constantly seeking her.

She was so gentle, so winning, so utterly unlike Salome, that he could find no limit for his almost worshipping love, and being a man of good education and courteous manner, Mrs. Dunbar liked him.

"A pair of soft fools," Salome pronounced them, and perhaps they were so.

But their love was as true and pleasant as if they were twenty years younger.

In fact, they were most remarkably unworldly and youthful for their age.

And Salome, working with frightful energy at the usual routine of household duty made up her mind that no such childish nonentity as the widow Dunbar was coming to reign in her stead in the Wintergreen house.

"She's had one husband, and that is enough for any woman," decided Salome.

"And as for Amos, I can take care of him, as I have done for forty-five years."

Suddenly, while she swept the kitchen, a great idea loomed upon Salome's mind.

"I have it!" she cried, clapping her hands together.

"Mrs. Wilson says she is a timid as a baby, afraid of the dark; afraid of her own shadow. I have it!"

She threw down the broom, though the kitchen was only half swept, and marched straight to her own room.

Here she brushed her hair back from her face and twisted it into a hard knot at the back of her head, covering it with a brown silk bonnet that was a marvel of ugliness.

Over a dress of brown merino, she folded a shawl of vivid scarlet, and then walked out of the house.

The widow Dunbar, with her little white hands, was embroidering a pair of slippers for her dear Amos, and weaving day-dreams.

Her "dear departed" had been an old tyrant, who had made a white slave of his wife, terrifying her into submission to all his whims by fits of ungovernable temper, in which he smashed furniture and crockery, and more than once laid the weight of his strong arm upon her.

Thinking of his big, burly figure, his savage temper, his horrible oaths, Mrs. Dunbar contrasted with these Amos Wintergreen's low voice and gentle courtesy.

"I am sure he will be kind to me," the little widow thought.

And having been transferred at eighteen from the care of a drunken father to that of a brutal husband, the poor woman's greatest idea of happiness was a life with someone who would be kind to her."

She would make him such a tender, loving wife, she resolved, if only he would always speak gently to her, and reward her efforts with his slow, sweet smile.

She would put all the money Mr. Dunbar had left her into the Wintergreen Farm.

She would——

Just at this point her meditations were broken by the entrance of a tall, thin woman, with a stern, hard face, who said—

"You are Mrs. Dunbar, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am. Will you take a chair?"

"Thank you. I called upon urgent private business.

"My name is Wintergreen, Salome Wintergreen."

"I am very glad to see you," said the widow, with cordial sweetness. "Amos has told me so much about you."

"Oh!"

"And I want you to let me love you, because you are his sister."

"Oh! I suppose you are very fond of Amos?"

"Yes. He has told you, has he not, of our engagement?"

"That is why I am here. I have a confession to make to you.

"Amos ought to have told you, but he is a coward, always was one."

"Told me what?"

"You may have heard that our father made it an express stipulation in his will that I was always to have a home on the old farm with my brother Amos?"

"Yes, Amos told me that. I was very glad because I never had a sister.

"And you have lived with Amos so long, you could tell me all his ways.

"H'm! I came upon another errand.

"I come to tell you some of my ways. Did my brother tell you why my father made that stipulation?"

"No."

"I will tell you then."

Mrs. Dunbar fairly shivered at the glare of the large, dark eyes fixed upon her at these words.

"I will tell you," repeated Miss Salome; "it is because I am subject to fits, awful fits, and nobody can control me but Amos. If he is out of the house when they come on, I break every thing I can find; I get carving knives, and kill the cows or cats, I pull the fire out of the grate on the floor to make the house burn.

"If I had one of these fits, and you were in the house, I might cut you up with a carving knife, burn you up on the kitchen fire.

"I don't know what I might do. I am not accountable, you know, for I never remember anything I have done when I come out of the fit."

All this was uttered with a horrible emphasis and solemnity, as if Miss Salome was deeply and wholly mortified at being forced to confess to her ailment.

"Nobody knows it," she continued, watching Mrs. Dunbar's white, quivering face, "but that is the reason Amos and I live alone, and have no servant.

"That is why we have never married. I might have kept it from you, but my conscience would not let me.

"I could not have you come into our house unprepared. I'll bid you good morning, ma'am."

So she stalked away again, leaving her victim white and shivering with terror.

What! marry a man with such a sister, an inmate of his house for life?

Marry a man who might leave her alone with a lunatic nearly six feet high, armed with a carving knife, and with a desire to burn the house down?

Miss Salome stalked home, grim but complacent.

If she was any judge of the human face, the danger she dreaded was averted.

In the evening Amos left the house, and took the road to the minister's.

In less than half an hour, he came back, pale and dispondent.

"Salome, she's gone," he said, sinking into a chair.

"Who?"

"Mary, my wife that was to be. She's gone away, and left me a note. Read it."

And Salome read:—

MY DEAR, DEAR AMOS,—My heart is almost broken at the thought of leaving you forever, but I must go.

"I could not stand it; indeed, indeed, I could not, Amos.

"My first husband nearly scared me to death, but he never used carving knives, or tried to set the house on fire, and I should die of fright, I am sure I should, the very first time I saw it.

"So I will say farewell. Don't come after me.

"I am very much grieved, Amos, for I love you very dearly.

"Your heart-broken

"MARY."

"As if," said poor Amos, "I would ever raise a carving knife to her, or try to set the house on fire."

But he never knew, though he settled down once more into bachelor bondage, how it was Salome broke off his love match and secured her own supremacy on Wintergreen Farm.

DRESS.—It seems absurd, says a London paper, that fourteen or fifteen yards are needed to make a gown for a woman, while about five are sufficient to make a great coat for a man.

It is unfortunate, in view of this fact, that trained dresses are worn only at dinner, and in the form of tea-gowns. The added weight and inconvenience of a train, which must be held in the hand, would render a walk a penance instead of a pleasure. It may be hoped that fashion will never reintroduce the long skirt for out-door work. It has nothing to recommend it, even from point of view from the dressmaker, who has now found it possible to crowd all bearable trimmings on the limited surface of the short dress.

When trains first went out, leaving the feet plainly visible, coquetry brought them more prominently into evidence by the introduction of the high-heeled boot.

This, in its turn, has now almost entirely disappeared from the walking gear of the fashionably dressed; and there is even a gleam of hope that the high heels may vanish from the ball-room before long, and, with them, their peculiar influences on the dances of the day.

The jerky valse, now in so much vogue, would soon be consigned to oblivion, together with the little "tap-tap" of narrow, elongated heels of the fashionable shoe; and those who realize that even ball-room dancing might be softly poetic and dreamily graceful would cease to be irritated by the sudden swing and the violent onslaught of couples engaged in the arduous trois temps.

Let such as these hope for the abolition of the high-heeled dancing shoes even though it be followed by the mourning elegies of those deficient in stature, though not in the ambition of preferring a tall partner.

INJURIES accompanied by insults are never forgiven; all men on these occasions are good haters, and lay out their revenge at compound interest.

Bric-a-Brac.

CHEMICAL WONDERS.—There is a story told of a workman of Faraday. One day, he knocked into a jar of acid a little silver cup. It disappeared, was eaten by the acid, and could not be found. One said he could find it; another said it was held in solution, and there was no possibility of finding it. The great chemist came in and put some chemical into the jar, and in a moment every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom. He lifted it out a shapeless mass, sent it to a silversmith, and the cup was restored.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TRICK.—A photographer of Berlin has been sent to the penitentiary for a peculiar fraud. He pretended that he could make photographs of gentlemen so life-like that their dogs would be able to recognize them. When the photographs were held up before the dogs of the owners the dogs would wag their tails and lick the pictures. The other photographers of Berlin grew jealous. They watched their colleague and finally discovered that he put a thin layer of lard over the pictures which the dogs, of course, smelled and then licked off.

APPLE AND GRAPE.—A remarkable vegetable curiosity is to be exhibited at the next State agricultural fair in California. Several weeks ago a grape-vine growing in great proximity to an apple tree in full bloom, was found to have attached to it a blossom exactly similar to those on the tree. It was watched day by day, until at last a large and handsome apple had developed from the germ. The portion of the vine to which the apple has been attached has been cut off, and will be presented as tangible proof of the abnormal growth, which seems to be an instance of natural grafting.

EATING HER TAIL.—At the zoological gardens in Dublin, a few weeks ago, a fine lioness began to eat her own tail. In one day she removed at her leisure about twelve inches, and after a brief interval resumed her repast. She was then placed in a very narrow box, in the hope that something might be done with the bleeding stump, and that she might be prevented from further assaults upon herself. But the tail has almost entirely disappeared, and she has now directed her attention to one of her fore paws. If time only is allowed she may succeed in performing the astounding feat of disappearing down her own throat.

DEGREES.—A degree was originally merely a license to teach, and bestowed as a sign that the student had learned enough to be qualified to instruct others. It means nothing more than a step, and the lower degrees indicated the steps by which a man mounted to the doctorate where he was a fully prepared, trained, and authorized teacher. In the very first days there were, of course, no such titles, and when they began to be used they were not so much titles as descriptions, but in the progress of time, the degree being the natural conclusion and crown of a course of study, it came to be regarded as the legitimate fruit of university years, and not only those who meant to teach but all others sought to obtain it as a title.

ELECTRIC INSECTS.—Some of the insects have electric organs for defence. General Davis, of the British army, who was a famous insect collector, once picked up a wheel-bug in the West India Islands, and received a blow that paralyzed his arm for some time. As he shook the insect off, he noticed where it had stood on his hand six red marks, the impression of its feet. Kirby and Spence also refer to this peculiarity of the insect, and other naturalists have received shocks from certain of the luminous beetles. In one case, that of Captain Blackeney, life was almost destroyed. This gentleman took up an unknown caterpillar, and immediately received such a shock that his entire right side became paralyzed, and for a long time he was dangerously ill.

PROVERBS OF AFFECTION.—Hot love is soon cold. Faults are thick where love is thin. Where pride begins love ceases. Love and a cough won't hide. Sweet is the love that meets return. The heart's letter is read in the eyes. Love and lordship make no fellowship. Love lies in cottages as well as in courts. The remedy for love is—land between. Kind confidence begets confidence, and love begets love. Absence sharpens love, presence strengthens it. Love can hope where reason would despair. In the husband, wisdom; in the wife, gentleness. Nothing is more tender, nothing more violent than love. The science of love is the philosophy of the heart. Love cannot be bought or sold, its only price is love. All truest love is consecrated by the Divine Love.

VERDICTS.—An Indiana jury recently returned a written verdict of "Blode to pees by the biler bustin." "Jury," said a Western Judge, "you ken go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." The jury returned with a verdict of "Suicide in the ninth degree." A Rhode Island jury were five days debating on a long case involving a hog worth seven dollars, and then came in, found the hog not guilty, and recommended both plaintiff and defendant to the mercy of the court. A Pekin (Ill.) Coroner's jury rendered a very singular verdict, that a man whose body was found in the river came to his death by a blow on the head, which was given either before or after drowning. It was a West Somerset jury rendered the verdict: "Died by the hereditary visitation of God." The man had broke his neck when drunk, and some similar mishap had befallen his grandfather.

WHO CAN KNOW?

BY R. W.

Beneath a broad tree's ample shade
There sat a young and winsome maid,
And she trilled a ditty, pure and sweet;
While her snowy hands
Were fleecy wands,
As spring showered its blossoms at her feet!
Would you know why the maiden went there to sing?
Go, ask of the robin whence cometh spring.

A youthful neighbor, strange to say,
Humming a love-song strolled that way;
And he spied the tree, with the grateful shade;
Where the snowy hands,
And the fleecy hands,
And the blossoms, a dainty picture made!
But why should he think there was room for two,
I can but wonder; prithee, do you?

Ah! the days of youth are beautiful days,
And the ways of love are bewildering ways!
And there, side by side, the lovers wait,
And the snowy hands
Drop the fleecy bands,
And the twain drift through Love's morning gate;
Why, by them unheeded, the blossoms glow
And the robins sing—pray, who can know?

But to him the world is bright and fair,
For its gold is all in her sunny hair;
And her little hands are captive now;
Those snowy hands
Weave no fleecy bands,
While her sweet lips whisper Love's precious vow,
"Wherever thou goest, there I will go!"
What sweeter words can a lover know?

Anon there will be a beautiful bride,
All in fleecy white, by her husband's side,
With a wreath of flowers on her fair young head;
One snowy hand
Will wear love's band,
And joy will crown the newly wed.
Will their love outlive the blossoms' glow,
Cheering winter's snow? Ah! who can know?

Stronger Than Pride.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "A GOLDEN DAWN," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED).

I AM not well enough to go, Vane. My strength is failing. You must go for me. Write to Lord Audley, and tell him how deeply I regret that I cannot accept his most kind invitation, but that I send a substitute in you."

"Will he like it?" asked Vane half doubtfully. "He seems to wish for you."

"He must like it. I could not go. I have a certain presentiment that my working-days are ended," said Sir Raye mournfully.

"Vane, Lord Audley will be delighted to have you in my place.

"Write to him at once. You will enjoy a week at Ulverscroft.

"It is one of the prettiest places in England. I always said that at some time or other there must be a bridge over the Ulver.

"It is a beautiful river, and the bridge must be a light one."

Vane sat down, pencil in hand, to sketch a light beautiful structure that should yet have solidity enough to bear a whole regiment.

It was interesting to watch the rapidity of his white fingers, the glow on his face, and the light in his eyes as his beautiful conception grew.

He took the sketch to his master when it was completed, and almost wondered at the emotion in his face.

"You remind me of Quentin Matsys," said Sir Raye, with a smile.

But his pupil shrank from the words. He liked nothing that reminded him of his origin.

He had mixed in the highest society and had been treated as an equal by the noblest in the land.

He could not endure to remember that he was but a son of the people, and that his origin was as lowly as his genius was great.

It was the one defect in a nature that was otherwise great and noble.

He could not endure to remember what his home and its surroundings were like.

He shrank with sensitive horror from having his secret known.

To compare him to "Quentin Matsys" was to remind him that his origin was humble and obscure.

Yet, like the true artist he was, he rejoiced in his master's praise of the beautiful conception that had grown under his hands.

"Lord Audley will be delighted with your idea.

"He is a man of great taste," said Sir Raye; "and, without flattery, Vane, I have seen nothing so beautiful as this bridge."

So the letter was written and duly received by Lord Audley, and by him placed, like everything else, in the hands of his daughter, the Lady Lilias.

"Read this, Lilias," he said. "I am not quite pleased.

"You see that Sir Raye Vibart cannot come himself; he is ill and ailing; but he sends his adopted son and partner Vane Vibart, who, he assures me, will give me greater satisfaction than he himself could do."

"That is the young Vibart who wrote about the Channel tunnel.

"Every one was talking about him last year."

"I remember," said the Earl. "Ah, well I shall be pleased indeed to see him! He proposes coming next Tuesday.

"I suppose, Lilias, that we can receive him then?"

"Colonel Gordon and Lady Frances will be here; but that will not matter," replied Lady Lilias.

"Mr. Vibart will be your guest, papa, not mine."

"Certainly, my dear, certainly!" said the Earl hastily.

He stood greatly in awe of his daughter, who was considered one of the proudest girls in England.

"You see Mr. Vibart really is a gentleman. He must, while he is in the house with us, associate with us. He would be received anywhere."

"It is a levelling age, papa; but certainly I will make Mr. Vibart welcome and comfortable."

"Now Lilias," said the Earl pleadingly, "do not, pray do not—"

"What, papa?" she interrupted.

"Do not, my dear, speak in that tone. I know just what it means.

"You will receive that unfortunate young man in your most kindly freezing fashion, and at the end of an hour he will wish himself a thousand miles away.

"I know your manner so well with people of that kind."

"I am unfortunate if my manner does not please you, papa," said Lady Lilias proudly.

"It does, my dear!" cried the Earl hastily. "It does very much indeed; but I feel sorry at times for those who—do not quite—understand it—as I do; do you see, my love?.

"You will do your best for Mr. Vibart, I am sure.

"It has been one of the desires of my heart to see a bridge over the Ulver. I was in some measure compelled to ask Sir Raye to pay me a visit: I wanted him to study the site well, so that the bridge should be an ornament.

"I must extend to Sir Raye's representative the same kindness and hospitality I would have shown to himself."

The proud face softened, the graceful figure bent over him, and a white arm stole round his neck.

"My dearest papa, surely you may ask whom you will," she replied.

"I am not so proud as you think me;" and the rosy lips smiled in a fashion that would have melted a harder heart than the Earl's.

"Lilias," said the Earl gently, "you are one of the sweetest of women; at the same time I honestly believe you to be the proudest girl in England. Now do not be offended!"

"I am not quite sure but that I am flattered," she answered; and Lord Audley, knowing well that he could never quite manage his beautiful young daughter, went away.

"The proudest girl in England."

Men and women both gave that title to the heiress of Ulverscroft.

Yet, strange to say, her pride made her no enemies.

It seemed natural to her, and was the becoming shield to her rare loveliness.

When her violet eyes looked calmly over or at any persons whom she did not intend to recognize, the impression left upon them was generally less of pride than of their own unworthiness.

She was just nineteen, and for two years she had been the queen of the great world of fashion, a queen such as had seldom reigned before—so young, so marvellously fair, so proud, so pure, so utterly unspoiled by the homage that was enough to have made any other woman vain.

Princes bowed before her and sought her smiles. She gave them no favor.

Peers sought her society; but not one could boast that the exquisite face had ever brightened or softened for him.

All homage, flattery, and compliment seemed to fall from her and leave her untouched.

She was faultlessly beautiful, with a rare patrician loveliness.

She was a wealthy heiress, and the daughter of one of England's most honored peers.

She was the worshipped queen of the great world, holding proud sovereignty. Weekly journals did not hold out her portrait as an inducement to purchasers.

Her photographs were not to be seen in every shop-window in London.

Her reign was of a higher order.

Noble and learned men went where they could meet her, for the charm of her lovely face and her fresh earnest words.

She was something higher than a ball-room belle; people sought through her beautiful eyes a glimpse of her pure soul.

She had been wooed, but never won.

Some of the oldest titles in England had been laid at her feet, some of the noblest men had wooed her.

Her heart had never been stirred; she had loved no one.

Calmly and proudly she had declined all offers of marriage, until people began to wonder.

Only once had Lord Audley ventured on a remonstrance, and that was when she had refused the young Duke of Cortland.

"Why have you said 'No' to him, Lilias?" asked the Earl.

"Because I could do as I would with him papa.

"I could wind his will round my little finger just—see—as I wind this silk. When I marry, my husband must be my master."

"That is, if he can, my dear," returned the Earl doubtfully.

"He must, papa," said the beauty imperiously. "I shall never marry until I find my master."

"Then I fear, Lilias, you will never marry at all," was the answer, gravely given.

She laughed at such a prophecy.

"Rely upon it, papa, I shall have a master soon. To quote the words of an old song—

"'He may come to-day, or he may come to-morrow;
But somewhere he's waiting, and waiting for me.'"

The Earl kissed her bright face very fondly.

"He will be a clever man who bends this proud head, Lilias" he said.

"He will begin at the heart, papa; and the rest will be easy."

CHAPTER VI.

ULVERSCROFT HALL had once been Ulverscroft Priory, a grand old monastery, and the site had been selected, as the monks of old always took care to select, with an eye to every natural advantage.

King Hal had given it to one of his favorites.

And gradually the monastic part fell into ruins.

The Priory itself was one of the loveliest ruins in England.

Over the pointed arches, the ivy-covered cloisters, and the marvellous carvings there still hung an air of sacred grandeur and venerable worth.

The new mansion, which seemed to spring from the old, comprised many of the ancient rooms—the red room, where Marie of Scotland had reposed.

The long magnificent library, where learned men had sought to explore the great secrets of life.

The bower-room, where the stately Elizabeth of England had coquetted with the men she first inspired with love.

And valued chambers, once occupied by knights and squires, but now given over to servants.

Perhaps the most beautiful part of ancient Ulverscroft was the grounds.

There were deep secluded hollows, where the water lay in silent pools and herons built their nests, forest-lands, where the deer rested in their coverts and the trees were centuries old.

The modern mansion faced the west—the ruins lay to the south.

Ulverscroft Hall as it stood now was one of the most luxurious homes in England.

The western sunlight fell upon it, lighting up the gray ruins as with gold.

It lingered on the grand oriel windows framed with roses and passion-flowers on the broad terraces, and on the well-kept gardens.

And standing where he could see both the Hall and the ruins, his heart and soul in a glow of rapturous delight, was Vane Vibart.

The carriage had been sent to the station for him.

He had preferred walking through the park.

Now he stood entranced, lost in the superb picture before him.

"So," he said to himself, "this is one of the 'ancestral homes of England.' Now I know what 'ancestral' means.

"A man could love, fight for, die for such a home.

"A noble name must go with it, and noble deeds should enrich it."

There came to him as he stood a memory of his own youthful abode.

The old-fashioned homestead, the clover-fields, the pools where the cattle drank, and the mill-stream.

And, noble though he was in many things a pang of regret shot through his heart that such a fair inheritance as Ulverscroft was not his.

How he would have gloried in it!

How he would have loved it!

It seemed to him that above all other men he should have appreciated a noble name.

He half smiled, half sighed, as he thought how proud he would have been once upon a time to enter such stately portals as these.

The massive doors were opened, and he entered a place before which the glories of Lulworth faded completely.

He was shown into the library, where Lord Audley awaited him.

He received a welcome so warm and so gracious that he could not help feeling quite at his ease and even happy.

They spoke for some few minutes of Sir Raye and his failing health.

"I believe," said Lord Audley, "that you are his adopted son?"

"Yes," replied Vane.

The impression left on Lord Audley's mind was that some kind of relationship existed between Vane and Sir Raye. Then Lord Audley spoke of the bridge.

"To-morrow," he said, "we will drive slowly along the banks of the river, and you shall judge for yourself as to the best site for it.

"My daughter, Lady Lilias Audley, will go with us.

"And, now the dressing-bell has rang, you will like to go to your rooms. We dine at eight. You are not too tired to join us, I hope?"

While his portmanteau was being unpacked and his clothes arranged by a quick-handed valet, Vane stood at the window, strangely haunted by dreams of his old home.

He could hear the home voices, and he could see the house by the mill-stream.

"Why should this come over me now?" he thought.

Then he remembered an old superstition which said that, when a man was haunted by a dream of youth, it was a sign that some great event was about to take place in his life.

"What can be going to happen to me?" he wondered; and then he laughed at his folly.

"Nothing more than this—that I am to erect a bridge which will be the prettiest in England."

The first dinner-bell rang, and he hastened to the drawing-room.

The magnificent room was empty.

He never forgot the impression it made upon him.

Through the long windows he had a glimpse of fountains, flowers, and trees with the gleam of the river in the distance.

In the room itself were tall flowering plants, some beautiful ferns and exotics, exquisite pictures, priceless work of art.

He wondered what it could be like to live always in such an atmosphere of luxury and wealth.

Then he found himself wondering what his mother and bright-eyed Kate would say to such an apartment as this.

The next moment he had left such thoughts far behind.

Everything around him had sunk into insignificance.

Life had completely changed for him.

One moment had changed the whole course of his existence.

There was a sound at the farther end of the room, and, looking, he saw a picture that so dazzled his eyes he could see nothing else.

Curtains of rich crimson velvet, with golden fringe, separated that part of the drawing-room from a large and magnificent conservatory.

At first he saw only a white hand and arm, an arm so round, so white, so beautiful, that it was like the work of a sculptor.

A diamond bracelet clasped it.

The hand slightly parted the curtains.

Then the whole figure appeared—that of a tall slender girl draped in shining silk and priceless lace, perfect in every movement, peerless in grace and symmetry.

With one keen rapid glance he seemed to take in every detail of the loveliness that had no peer.

The girl's face was radiantly fresh and bright, and her luxuriant yellow hair looked like dead gold crowned with diamonds.

There was a rose-leaf flush on the delicate cheeks.

The eyes were of the color of wood-violets.

The lovely mouth was perfect in shape, and proud as it was sweet.

The firm white throat was clasped by a diamond necklace, and a diamond cross lay on her white breast.

Lovely, dainty, proud, and refined, her patrician birth stamped on every feature, she looked indeed the daughter of an Earl.

So she stood for a moment, framed by the crimson velvet—the fairest picture that ever met a man's eye.

Vane was dazed and bewildered.

He had never dreamed that woman could be so fair.

Then she slowly allowed the curtains to fall, and advanced towards him.

The western sunbeams shone upon the sparkling diamonds and upon the hair of dead gold.

He trembledd as she drew near him, as he had never tremble before any human being yet.

She bowed to him with proud dainty grace.

He half wondered if she would offer him one of her white jeweled hands, and he found himself wondering also if he should die of joy when he touched it.

But the wonder was all vain.

She glanced calmly at him, and she smiled slowly.

He wondered again what she would say or do—if she were cognisant of the mad passion that was slowly creeping over him.

"You are Mr. Vibart," she said; and the music of her voice struck his dazed senses with fresh wonder. "Have you seen Lord Audley?"

He never remembered how he answered her.

To him it was as though he had passed through a furnace.

His brain seemed to burn, his heart beat fast, and he could have cried aloud from the vehemence of his emotions.

She saw and understood.

She was too much accustomed to the effect of her beauty.

Men succumbed at one glance from her eyes or at one smile from her sweet lovely lips.

That this young "professional" man—who was not of her world at all—should yield at once was less than nothing to her.

It was a relief, yet pain, to him when Lord Audley entered the room with several ladies and gentlemen.

Vane was introduced to each, and each one had something kind and pleasant to say to him.

Colonel Gordon was delighted with him, and kept him in earnest conversation until the dinner-bell rang.

Vane turned aside his head when the Lady Lilias passed by him.

He said to himself that another look at her would blind him.

If he wished to collect his senses and converse with any show of reason, he must not look again on that most sweet and beautiful face.

He never remembered afterwards how the dinner passed.

He heard at times the sound of low silvery laughter and the murmur of a sweet voice.

He dared not raise his eyes to the Earl's daughter.

Her beauty dazzled him as did the light of the sun.

Once or twice he caught a glimpse of the dead-gold hair and the sparkling gems. Then he did his best to keep his attention fixed on what the Colonel was saying to him.

Afterwards, when he had gone with the Colonel on the terrace to enjoy a cigar, Vane said suddenly to him—

"I did not know that Lord Audley had a daughter."

"Did you not?" laughed the Colonel. "Then you are about the only young man of position in England who does not know it. Lady Lilias Audley is the queen of the fashionable world."

"She is very beautiful," said Vane, in a dreamy musing tone.

"Very beautiful, very accomplished, very wealthy, and perfect in grace and manners; and she is the proudest girl in England."

"The proudest girl in England!" repeated Vane slowly.

"Yes—I should say, the very proudest. She has a most serene and graceful fashion of looking over the heads of people as it were, and of never seeing anything or any one whom she does not care to see.

She has refused more offers, I should say, than any other girl in England.

"I admire her proud haughty manner myself."

"It must be very unpleasant for those whom she does not care to see," replied Vane.

And he wondered whether she would "see" him in the sense in which Colonel Gordon used the word.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE proudest girl in England."

Vane Vibart found himself repeating that phrase over and over again.

He could well imagine that it was true.

So peerlessly lovely, so dainty, "so fair and fine" in her delicate grace, an Earl's daughter too, and a great heiress, she would naturally be proud.

Ah, well, there must be all kinds of rank; and every one could not be nobly born!

He found himself wondering what she had thought of him when her calm proud eyes had rested on him.

His face flushed as he tried to imagine what her ideas had been like.

Had she "seen" him, or had she calmly looked over him as one not of her world? Had she thought him passable? Had she given even the faintest thought to him?

He was bending over the stone balustrade in the moonlight, admiring the wealth of climbing plants, and he started on finding his eyes blinded with a hot mist of tears.

"What has come to me?" he cried. "I have been here only five hours, and the whole world is changed for me.

"I have looked for one moment upon a woman's face, and I have nearly lost all self-control.

"I am dazed and blinded. What has happened to me?"

In the after-days he could never remember how that night passed.

He did not sleep.

It was to him a long waking dream; and the only thought quite clear to him was that he was under the same roof with her.

He was reminded in the morning that she was to accompany Lord Audley and himself to choose a site for the new bridge.

He could hardly realize, hardly understand it.

What should he say to her? Would she deign to notice him?

Vane saw her at the breakfast-table, fair and radiant as the morning itself, her dead-gold hair gathered in a simple knot at the back of her queenly head, and wearing a morning-dress of white muslin, with a red rose at her white throat.

She gave him a kindly smile and a graceful bow.

When he saw how she held out her hand to Colonel Gordon, he longed to be in that gallant officer's place.

She spoke to him at last, asking him, in a cool graceful fashion, whether he would take tea; and he hated himself because he flushed and trembled when he answered her.

Presently the carriage came to the door.

It was a bright warm day in June, the sky was cloudless, the air redolent of perfume and full of summer sounds, and the lovely earth lay smiling in the sun. Lord Audley said to Vane—

"Now, Mr. Vibart, we are ready. The morning is so beautiful that we shall have three or four very pleasant hours."

Vane caught a glimpse of a pretty morning costume and of an exquisite face under a Gainsborough hat.

"Will you help Lady Lilias, Mr. Vibart?" said the Earl.

Her hand touched his so lightly that he hardly felt its weight, and the next moment he was in the carriage, sitting by the Earl's desire, facing her.

The golden sunlight gave him courage, and he ventured to look at her.

How could he help it when everything around him was so beautiful?

He was not the first man who had looked into that lovely face and so lost himself for ever.

He was not the first who, looking into the depths of those proud sweet eyes, lost himself in them.

He was charmed and fascinated.

The gentle breeze brought a most delicate and beautiful color to the fair sweet face.

Lady Lilias carried an exquisite parasol, with a handle of superbly-carved ivory, and with it she at times almost hid her face from view.

Then it was to him as though the sun had set.

He never forgot the first moment in which she turned to him and spoke with a smile.

He had quoted some lines that were new to her, and she turned her beautiful face and looked at him with a bright sweet smile.

"Where did you read that?" she asked him.

He told her.

One quotation led to another.

She was soon listening with delight to the quaint store of rhymes with which he had enriched his mind.

Yet, though her beautiful eyes were bent upon him, he felt that the Colonel's words were quite true—in a certain fashion she "looked over" him.

There was a subtle something in her manner.

He could not tell what it was, but it showed plainly that she did not consider him one of her own world.

He watched the play of her features, the curve of her red lips, and the lines that were at once so haughty and so sweet.

He said to himself that it was true that it was true that she was "the proudest girl in England."

Well, what did it matter to him?

He was to remain there for a week.

At the end of that time he would go away and perhaps he would never see her again.

He would feel like one who had had a glimpse of heaven and then fallen to the earth.

He had already read of one who had fallen in love with the moon and then died of the love.

He was just as foolish.

The first stirrings of an all-absorbing passion were thrilling him already, beating in his pulses and trembling in his veins.

Where had he read something of a moth worshipping the star.

Where was a moth more foolish than he, or a star more brilliant than she?

Presently Lord Audley began to talk to him.

When once the spell was broken that drew his eyes to her face, he was himself.

He talked with a vigor that astonished himself.

The Earl was interested in hearing about the Channel tunnel.

"Men can travel under the water and in the air," he said; "where will their powers end?"

"There is no end to human enterprise," answered Vane, his face kindling; for this was his favorite theme. "So far from believing that this world has grown old, and almost run its course, I believe it to be in its infancy."

Then he saw Lady Lilias's face turned to him, with wonder and interest in the beautiful eyes.

"If this be its infancy, what will its mature age be like?" she asked.

"No man can tell," he answered. "When the telephone is completed and men at the distance of miles can speak to each other, and when the wonders of electricity are worked out, this will be a different world. I believe that science is still in its infancy. I should like to live to see the full development of recent discoveries."

"So should I," she said earnestly.

"Take the sense of hearing alone," he continued, "and see what a revolution has been effected. When we heard three years back that a man was deaf, no one thought any real remedy possible; and now one can hear a fly walk. Could anything be more wonderful? The world around us is full of mysteries and hidden wonders; and one by one they are made clear or revealed to us."

She grew interested while listening to him.

"Do you think," she asked, "that the ancient inhabitants of the earth knew anything of what we believe to be modern discoveries?"

"No," he answered thoughtfully, "I do not; for this reason—that, if ever they had known them, they would have progressed instead of degenerating."

Lord Audley here saw what appeared to him the finest site for a bridge, and he drew Vane's attention to it.

There were reasons why it would not do, and Vane explained them.

Lady Lilias listened attentively.

"You seem to know the mysteries of the elements, Mr. Vibart," she said; "you speak of water and land as though you could move them at will; you talk of hills and mountains as though you could carry them; you speak of huge masses of granite and iron as though you could throw them like balls."

"Men are the masters of the earth," he rejoined, with a flush of pride on his face; "and all the material on or in it is for them to work with."

"Work!" she repeated coldly. "You seem to think very much of the dignity of work."

Again his sensitive face flushed at her words.

"I do think all work is dignified," he replied.

She smiled.

"For some kinds of work I have great respect," she said—"not for all. Manual labor does not interest me—brain-work does."

"My dear Lilias, I must differ from you," interposed the Earl. "I do not believe that work of any kind interests you much."

"I do not like indolence," replied his beautiful daughter quickly.

"My dear, you are patrician in every respect," laughed the Earl. "You have lived exclusively among your own class, and you have concentrated all your interests in them."

"What would she say if she knew that I was the son of a poor farmer who knows nothing of the world, and who often eats with his knife when he should use his fork?" said Vane to himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD AUDLEY and his daughter and Vane were approaching one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots about Ulverscroft.

Here the river widened, and the land rose in gentle elevations on either side of the water.

Lady Lilias looked up brightly as they stopped.

"There," she cried—"this is my favorite spot. A bridge, light and elegant, thrown over the water here would be magnificent. I can see it already in the air, papa. Mr. Vibart, let it be here."

"It is certainly the most appropriate spot," replied Vane; "but the cost, if it is built here, will be nearly double."

"Never mind that," laughed the girl; "that will not matter. Let it stand here, papa, and call it 'Lady Lilias's Folly;' that would be an excellent name for it."

Lord Audley smiled.

"We will see," he said. "We will walk round here, Mr. Vibart, if you will, and see what the land is like. I am inclined to think that this is the prettiest spot after all. Lilias, you have a quick eye."

They left the carriage and walked along the green bank of that beautiful river.

Vane found himself walking by Lady Lilias's side.

What was more, he found that she was talking to him in an earnest graceful fashion all her own, her pride never for one moment relaxing, yet with a nameless charm about her which left him helpless against her fascinations.

Once, as the bank was rather steep, he involuntarily held out his hand to assist her, and to his surprise she accepted it and thanked him.

"She would not have done that had she felt that I was her equal," he said to himself.

The very kindness she had shown to him made him feel farther from her than before.

Yet she was so sweet and gracious.

Looking at her he said to himself—

"The proudest girl in England! Can it be true?"

She was deeply interested in what he was telling her of divers, and how men worked under the waves as easily as on dry land.

Her beautiful eyes were fixed upon his face, and she listened eagerly to all he words.

"And they are never frightened, you say. When a man finds himself alone in the cold, silent gray depths of the sea, with strange hideous monsters with large eyes swimming past him, do you mean that he knows no fear?"

"No; fear would unfit him for his work," he replied.

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"What an immense quantity of hard work there is in the world!" she said. "I never remember to have thought of it before you came."

"You have not met with many people who would even mention work in your presence," he replied. "Although I am no Radical, I look upon the workers of the world as the noblest part of it."

"It may be that you are right; but you must remember that you speak as a man well-born."

"Well-born?" he repeated.

Then it occurred to him that she looked upon him as a very near relative of Sir Raye Vibart.

What would she say if she knew that he was the son of a poor farmer?

"Of course," she went on, "I can very easily imagine a poor man ennobled by working."

"Can you not fancy a poor man ennobled in same fashion, Lady Lilias?"

"No," she replied frankly, "work and poverty must go together; they are inseparable companions. Why, where is papa, Mr. Vibart?"

Lord Audley was at some little distance from them.

He waved his hand to Lady Lilias, indicating that he was going over the next hill.

Vane and Lady Lilias walked on slowly together, the lovely sunlight round them, and the song of the birds in their ears.

Suddenly, sitting on a green bank where the wild-flowers made a brilliant carpet, they saw a poor, wretched woman holding a little child in her arms.

Naturally enough, Vane Vibart expected the "proudest girl in England" to pass by haughtily, and to draw aside the sweeping folds of her dress, lest they should touch the ragged, miserable creature so near to her.

He thought she would not even see such a spectacle.

He would not have been surprised had she complained of having to breathe the same air.

But she stopped.

A light such as he had never seen before came over her face, making it inexpressibly beautiful.

The music of sweetest compassion came into her voice.

The haughty girl who had refused to smile upon princes, who had rejected some of the noblest men in the land, whose name was a proverb for pride, leaned over the wretched woman and spoke to her as he had not imagined she could speak.

A feeble, pitiful moaning came from the child.

"You have a baby there," she said. "Is it ill?"

"It is dying," was the reply, in a tone so utterly hopeless and despairing that Vane's heart was touched.

Then the white hands that she had not deigned to hold out in courteous greeting to him put aside the torn, worn shawl, and touched with kindly pity the dying baby's face.

"It is dying," she said.

"Ah, and of want, my lady," said the mother, with woeful, hungry eyes—"of want—so little, so helpless and starved."

Greater was his wonder when she took the dying child, a mass of rags, from the mother's arms.

"You cannot hold the baby," she said to her.

"No, I am dying of hunger myself," answered the woman. "Oh, my lady, give her back to me! We will die together; the sun is warm, and the grass is soft. Let us die."

"You shall not die if care can keep you alive," replied Lady Lilias.

Vane saw—ah, wonder of wonders!—tears fall from her eyes upon the little dying face.

"I will not ask who you are, and what has brought you here," she said. "You must have food and sleep first; afterwards we will see what can be done. Nay, do not cry. Poor soul! Poor soul!"

The woman wept bitterly.

Lady Lilias stood by, waiting with patience until the paroxysm of grief had exhausted itself.

Vane thought he had never seen so lovely a picture in his life as this fair patrician girl, in her dainty dress, bending like a guardian-angel over the mother and her child.

"Mr. Vibart," she said, "would you be kind enough to tell John to drive as near here as he can."

He obeyed, lost in wonder.

Then she, still holding the child in her arms, and followed by the mother, walked to the high road, where the carriage awaited them.

He heard her say to the coachman—

"John, drive as quickly as you can to Ulverscroft. Convey this poor woman and her child to the Audley Arms; and tell Mrs. Manners, the landlady, that Lady Lilias Audley begs that she will take the poor creature in, that she will give her all she requires, and make her quite comfortable, spare no expense, and call in a doctor to the child. Tell her that I will drive over to-morrow to see how they are getting on."

The coachman was evidently accustomed to such things, for he merely touched his hat, and said—

"I quite understand, my lady."

Vane helped the woman into the carriage.

Lady Lilias tenderly laid the little one in her arms.

"Hope for the best," she said. "Good care may restore the baby. Dry you tears, and look at the beautiful sunshine, and then thank Heaven that you have found a friend."

The woman's tears fell like rain as she was driven quickly out of sight.

"Ah, me," said the sweet voice, "what sorrow there is in the world! I shall never forget how strange that little white face looked in the sunlight."

They walked back in silence to the bank of the river, to where the sun gleamed on the waters.

Vane was too much astonished to speak to her.

They had walked on the green turf for some few minutes when, with a flush on her rose-leaf face, she said, speaking very hastily—

"Would you tell me, Mr. Vibart, why you look at me with such an expression of wonder?"

"I was not aware of it, Lady Lilias," he replied.

"But why is it? You look at me as though I were some strange being from another world. Why is it?"

He answered her in spite of himself, in spite of his better judgment.

He was impelled by the earnest face and manner.

"Since I have been at Ulverscroft," he said, "I have often heard you called the proudest girl in England—pray forgive me, Lady Lilias, for telling you as much as I have."

The faint ripple of a smile passed over her face.

"I know people give me that name," she said, "and I think that perhaps in some measure I deserve it."

"And yet you carried the dying child of a beggar in your arms, and spoke to that poor woman more sweetly than I have heard you speak before. How can you be proud if you can do that?"

"I cannot see that it has anything to do

with pride," she answered calmly—"at least with my kind of pride. On the contrary, I should think myself wanting in pride if I were to show disdain towards any poor person or dependant."

"Then why do people call you proud?" he asked.

"Have you not found that out for yourself, Mr. Vibart?" she said, with imperious grace.

"No, indeed. I thought pride implied disdain for everything and every one inferior."

"That is ignoble pride, Mr. Vibart—that is the pride of the *parvenu*; and I detest it. There is a certain pride born with a noble name, rejoicing in noble race and lineage, a pride that disdains and tramples under foot all things ignoble and mean, that scorns all that is base and low, a pride that rises above the paltriness of pride and scandal—with that pride, I thank Heaven, my veins are filled."

There was a ring of passion in her voice, and a flush on her face.

"People call me proud when I refuse to listen to slander and gossip, proud when I refuse to tolerate the society of ill-bred or vulgar people, proud when I decline to listen to what I know is untrue, and when I decline to hear the characters of my friends and neighbors travestied. They say even that I am too proud to flirt—which I am thankful is true. They say that I am too proud ever to love or marry—which——"

She stopped abruptly, as though it had only just occurred to her that she was speaking very freely to a stranger.

"Do you understand me?" she asked impetuously.

He answered—

"Yes—alas for me!—only too well."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Real Princess.

BY F. A. D.

ALL of us, who have read our history, know that once upon a time there was a princess of such refined extraction and extreme susceptibility that she could not only detect the presence of a single pea beneath forty intervening feather beds—upon which it was her royal habit to sleep—but arose in the morning positively black and blue from the effects of it, and did not recover for a week.

Now that was a very useful and noble quality for a lady to have, and we must all regret that it is completely lost to modern times.

Completely, did I say?

Well, not quite completely, as my story, will show.

"It's very self-sacrificing of you, dear Alice, to come and bury yourself in this desert for love of me," said young Mrs. Vincent to her sister one cold day in February, as they sat over the fire in the morning-room of the cosy little vicarage of Talavera.

"My dear Edith," responded Miss Delamark, laughing—

"I am delighted to have a change, to say nothing of being with you; besides, I expect my quid pro quo, as your husband would say, in the delights of your Talavera society."

"Ah! I was half afraid you would," said Mrs. Vincent, shaking her head.

"I told you that, as far as society goes, the time you spent with me would be so much sheer loss.

"John and I, of course, must know everybody, and the house is open to all; but you——?

"I can tell you that a good deal of pride has had to go quietly into the waste-paper basket before I at all resigned myself to staying here.

"You've no idea what I went through at first, coming here directly after our marriage!"

Here Mrs. Vincent laughed.

Alice Delamark shrugged her shoulders.

"Thank Heaven, I've never been tempted to marry a clergyman!" she said. "I couldn't shake hands with butchers and grocers in plain clothes, and pawnbrokers' daughters in silk and sealskin."

"Then John would tell you there are no first-class carriages on the road to Heaven."

"John may make his impertinent remarks to you, and take you to Heaven third-class if he likes," laughed Alice.

"I don't feel called upon to follow in his train."

"You're very naughty, Alice," said her sister reprovingly, and then looked reflectively at the girl's fair face which was twinkling with little rebellious smiles and dimples, "and I am afraid you will not find a husband in a hurry: certainly not here."

"Then I'll find him at my leisure elsewhere," retorted Alice; "or more likely still, I'll leave him to find me."

"Well, don't hide yourself too cleverly, for you are five-and-twenty, and the time is not so long as it was five years ago."

"Pooh!" was Alice's brief and contemptuous exclamation.

"You will be a good wife, if once you can be caught," said Edith, ignoring her scorn.

"You certainly won't have found your vocation if you don't marry."

"Pooh!"

"Alice, I believe you have fallen in love!" cried Edith.

Alice gravely shook her head.

"I've often tried—hard, but I always found I couldn't manage it."

Her voice was perfectly sincere, yet it seemed a marvel that with her pretty figure and bright, attractive face, Alice Delamark should be unwon at twenty-and-five.

She was not, strictly speaking, very pretty.

She was at once less, and more, for though her features were irregular and her hair ash-color, there was that in the blue eyes and expressive mouth that bespoke great intelligence and refinement, and remained an ever-living and growing charm when mere beauty of form or color might have ceased to attract.

And though, if you judged her by her independent style of conversation and little mocking speeches, you would have put her down as a tolerably-heartless young woman, if you had stolen a look at the fair, high-bred face in grave repose, or when its outlines were suddenly troubled by some quick emotion of sympathetic pity or gladness, you would have changed your mind and seen that possibly there was a heart somewhere hidden away and guarded well.

"Now, Alice," said Mrs. Vincent as the door-bell rang, "let me see how affable you can be to these people.

"Think of the joy you afforded them of talking with a live baronet's daughter; a thing that comes once in a lifetime!"

"How can you be so low, Edith?" laughed Alice; "besides, they have you."

"Ah! but I have sunk the baronet's daughter in the vicar's wife. Hush! How do you do, Mrs. Shaw?

"What a day! How good of you to come out in this cutting wind! My sister, Miss Delamark."

And so their little private conversation was put off until Mrs. Shaw, having deprecated the notion of its being cold, declared she was "all in a perspiration from 'urry."

When the worthy woman, clothed in magnificent seal and sable mantle, went away, Mrs. Vincent informed her sister that she was one of the wealthiest and most important people in the place, "and a fair sample of people you will meet here, dear."

"I smelt cheese-parings and bacon the minute the bell rang," said Alice, with a sniff and an air of extreme disdain.

"However, these people are an amusing study," she added loftily. "I can console myself with that."

"Mrs. Shaw is a good woman," said Edith quietly.

"Who's that going by now?" added Alice quickly, looking out of the window at a very well-dressed person walking along the opposite pavement. "She does look more like a lady."

"Ah! she calls on no one who does not live on the Parade, unless they keep a carriage and pair."

"How contemptible! Who's this clerical fellow coming in, Edith?"

"The only gentleman in the place—that's his best introduction to you, I think," answered Edith—"the curate, Mr. Coverdale, an Oxford man, Alice, and therefore everything that is perfect."

"I am afraid the Vicar is not in," said Mr. Coverdale, as he shook hands.

"How do you do, Miss Delamark? Mrs. Vincent told me you were coming.

"I hope you will like Talavera when you see more of it.

"Mrs. Vincent, I want you to come and play at my penny readings on next Thursday.

"Now don't say no, for the whole thing will collapse if you don't help us."

"What are you in such a hurry about, Mr. Coverdale?" asked Mrs. Vincent. "Do sit down and be quiet a minute.

"Miss Delamark sings; perhaps you may persuade her to help too."

"Ah, I should be only too glad if she would be so kind—some day," said the curate, modifying his sentence as he perceived signs of alarm and resistance on Miss Delamark's expressive face.

"I'm on my way to the station to meet my friend Rawson, an old Oxford chum; he's coming down for a week or two to recruit himself, he's had orders to knock off work for a bit, rather overdid it, you know as barristers are given to do."

"It will be very delightful for you to have a kindred spirit with you for a little while," observed Mrs. Vincent.

"Oh, he's a jolly good fellow!" said Coverdale heartily.

"I'll bring him in our way back, shall I?"

"Do. Charity apart, it will be a treat to see a gentleman," laughed Mrs. Vincent.

Coverdale smiled.

"Don't tell him what a lion he is, or he will be frightened," said he, taking his leave.

"Well, we shall be able to open our hearts to Mr. Rawson," said Alice, when he was gone.

"He'll have no scruples about charity and humility, and so forth—barristers never have.

"It'll be jolly to have somebody on my side, to laugh at all these gutter-grubs who scent trade and money in the atmosphere."

"Alice, Alice, what language!" exclaimed Edith, quite shocked. "You really must not."

"There was a distinct smell of money when that woman came in this afternoon," persisted Alice, "and the worship of it betrayed itself in every line of her plebeian face."

"Alice, my dear, you must be a real princess," observed Edith, with a very quiet smile.

Alice jumped up, gave her a hug and a kiss, called her a model vicar's wife, and sat down to the piano and began to sing.

* * * * * *

"Hullo, Rawson, you old infidel! I begin to think you must be more seriously ill than I at first supposed," cried Coverdale to his friend as he worked himself into his great-coat on Wednesday evening.

"Why?" demanded Rawson, pausing in the middle of the same operation.

"Ah," he added, after a glance at the other's mischievous eye, "no doubt there's a joke somewhere in the vicinity, if I could but spot him!"

"Why, I suppose it's the first time in your life that you freely proposed to yourself to attend a Wednesday evening service.

"There must be serious derangement somewhere before you could do anything so abnormal."

"Everything has its little beginning," observed Rawson, with a proverbial and off-hand air.

"Quite so," responded Coverdale quietly.

"What the deuce d'you mean by that?" inquired Rawson, in a great hurry.

"Oh, I mean that we shall be late if we don't nip our little conversation in the bud and set off immediately," replied Coverdale, with arch simplicity.

"Then I can only observe that you have a very occult manner of expressing yourself," retorted Rawson, clapping on his hat and following his friend out into the gusty night.

They kept their mouths shut all the way to the church, possibly to avoid letting in the night air, or perhaps their thoughts were too great for utterance.

At the door they parted, Rawson making his way leisurely up the nave to a seat near the chancel, and Coverdale striding on to the vestry.

Mr. Rawson's devotions were peculiar, but simple.

Perhaps the poor fellow had so seldom been inside a church that an orderly religious air did not fall naturally upon him as he placed his hat in safety and drew off his gloves.

Instead of kneeling down and taking a subdued survey of the general condition of affairs, as a Christian should, he leant back folded his arms, and fixed his eyes intently upon the occupant of the seat in front of him who sat a good deal to his left, and was looking up absently at the east window, her white ungloved hands lying clasped upon the open book on her knee.

He studied the hands, neither large nor small, but well-made, and very clever-looking.

He studied the outlines of the shapely figure.

The coil of ash-colored plaits with little gleams of silvery gold upon their shining curves.

The lofty forehead, the dark eyelashes, the expressive mouth and chin, the pale pure complexion, and a thousand things besides, funny little rough curls that the wind had blown about her temple and her ear, a drop of rain upon her cheek (he thought a great many things about that drop of rain).

And lastly he thought the sermon wasn't half long enough, and would have liked to prolong the final hymn far into the night.

However, if everything has its little beginning, it is undeniable that most things, especially pleasant things, have their little ending also, and in course of time Rawson found himself walking home beside his friend with his hands in his pockets, and satisfaction in his heart.

"Well, how did you like the service?" asked Coverdale, as he shut the churchyard gate.

"Splendid indeed, my dear fellow!" declared Rawson, "you ought to have it every evening."

"Except when we dine at the Vicarage. Your utter spiritual abstraction, Rawson, must have edified the congregation very much."

"Shut up, Coverdale! We can't all thrive on the same food.

"You look at the congregation, congregation looks all over the shop; Miss Delamark looks at the east window, I look at Miss Delamark, and we all feel the better for it."

"That's right," said Coverdale, laughing.

"I hope you behave better in town, and only do these things in your little holidays when you're ill and can't help it."

"And can't help it!" echoed Rawson, sotto voce.

"That's a useful accomplishment," observed Coverdale an hour later, looking up from his writing and shyly reconnoitering his friend for about the ninth time since they had been sitting there.

"What?" asked Rawson, concealing an involuntary start with great presence of mind.

"Sitting still and holding my tongue? Yes, it is; and I would to Heaven a few more people had the same gift."

"Well, no, that's not what I meant," replied Coverdale, holding his pen up to the light and carefully extracting a hair that had got into it.

"I thought it must be very convenient and handy to be able to read your newspaper bottom upwards and without turning the sheets."

Rawson laughed and colored.

"I find it saves my brain," he remarked coolly, turning the paper however as he spoke, and beginning to read aloud the first words that met his eye, "from the day of his marriage, however, as is only too frequently the case, discomfort, worry, and annoyances of every description beset him on all sides—that bears out your philosophy old buffer, doesn't it? Cut it out for your commonplace book."

"Why not for yours?" asked Coverdale. "Our philosophy is the same, I believe, or was, at any rate, a week ago."

"Ah, old boy, a man has theories, you know, just so long as he needn't put them into practice.

"I've changed my mind—grown wiser, as every fellow does who's good for anything."

"I knew it, Rawson, I knew it," said Coverdale, with a smile, laying aside his pen and leaning back in his chair. "You and I are kindred spirits no longer. I saw how it would be from the first day—when I took you into Vincents' on our way here. Good heavens, is it possible? Only a week ago!"

"And any week may do the same for you old fellow," said Rawson, laughing. "I admit that being a bachelor is the next best thing to being married to the nicest woman in the world."

"And you are seriously thinking of throwing overboard the dear delights of freedom, irregular hours, late orgies, precious solitude, and the perpetual option of falling in love?

"You must have a high opinion of Miss Delamark."

"Well, I have, of course, when I come to think of it," replied Rawson, dropping his paper on the floor and leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and his fingers idly playing with his signet ring.

"But the funny thing is, Coverdale, I didn't once think about her being pretty and clever, and so on, till after I found myself in love with her.

"I used to say to myself, 'When I do marry' (for you must know I always had misgivings that it might overtake me after all)—'when I do marry, my wife shall be a fool—a doll with golden hair and blue eyes, who shall adore me, and know nothing except what I tell her—just warm my slippers, keep the fire bright, pour out my tea, and look pretty.

"But unfortunately, just at the moment that I met Miss Delamark I forgot that."

"Yes, Miss Delamark is anything but a fool.

"You'll hear her sing to-morrow night. You saw those flowers she had painted for Mrs. Vincent?"

"By Jove, yes! Jolly they were. And all that needlework on the sofas and things, Coverdale, is her doing.

"I should think there was nothing she couldn't turn her hand to," observed Rawson.

"Can you imagine her warming your slippers and pouring out your tea?" asked Coverdale, amused at all this.

Rawson, however, detected an absence of sympathy and did not respond.

He felt even that he would give a good deal to unsay all that had been said, and lock his hopes and fears in his own breast again, safe from uninitiated eyes.

"I'm going out for a smoke," he said presently, jumping up with the air of one who cannot bear inaction another moment, and before Coverdale could say a word, he had escaped, and was free to imagine anything he pleased, without a chance of too curious considerations being pressed upon him.

* * * * * *

"Are you making a long stay in Talavera?" was the question that was asked of Miss Delamark by every one she met; and a sufficiently commonplace question it had appeared to her until this Thursday evening when Mr. Rawson came up to her after dinner and asked it too.

"I hardly know," she answered, a slight tinge of color coming into her pale face, "it depends upon home letters, you know, which I find to be very uncertain things."

"Your home is in the south, is it not?" asked he, glancing round for a chair—"the sunny south?"

"Do you, too, call it the sunny south?" said she, smiling.

"Yes, my home is in Kensington—a great contrast to this dismal waste."

"One can't admire the scenery, certainly," laughed Rawson, "miles and miles of sand without a tree or a green field, and clouds of smoke and black perpetually drifting over the Greathaven.

"When one does leave London, one looks for the delights of country life."

"I think I did the more," said Alice, "because I have not lived long in town."

"Town!" echoed Rawson. "Do you know that, here, signifies Greathaven?"

"Yes, I know," replied Alice, "but I take a great joy in never understanding it. I am always wanting to take down these people!"

"Oh! Are they so offensive?" asked Rawson, laughing. "I don't know any of them."

"Your state is the more gracious; 'tis a vice to know them," quoted Alice, and feeling, after a quick appreciative glance from his gentle brown eyes, that he was a kindred spirit, she went on.

"Spacious in the possession of gold, and nothing else?"

"And don't you think there may be worse things, Miss Delamark, than gold?"

"Oh, dear, yes! I don't despise gold, by any means.

"I would to Heaven I had a little myself.

"But it is the rank of these people, their one thought and pride, and the object of their devoutest worship."

"You should pity them, Miss Delamark, for having no higher aspirations."

"I do," she replied in tones, however, that savored far more of disdain than pity.

"You approve, then, of high aspirations?" asked he, rather lamely.

"You would be lenient to a man who—however conscious of his own utter unworthiness—should have the hardihood to lift his eyes and hopes to something much too good for him?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice, coloring more deeply, "but I don't know why you should suppose him so very unworthy; he would scarcely care—at least, I mean, his caring would argue him worthy."

"I am a very good judge of his demerits," said Rawson, raising his eyes to her face, and striving to read his fate there, "because it was my own case that I was putting before you—in a sort of cowardly attempt to gain your goodwill without asking for it, or rather to gain your consent before making my request, which was mean of me."

"Alice, dear, will you sing us something?" asked her sister, coming up at this moment and Rawson sprang up to open the piano, and light the candles, and then withdrew, not to incommode Miss Delamark, and to endeavor to show some interest in the other people about him.

He felt so very happy that it was not difficult to him to make himself agreeable, besides which it must be added that he was gifted with attractive, gentle manners, and a pleasant face which would have made him agreeable without any conspicuous effort on his part.

When Alice left the piano she glanced across the room in search of him, and with a secret proud pleasure compared him with the other men present, and with men she knew at home.

"A perfect gentleman!" said she to herself.

And this is the thought that was uppermost in her mind still, when Rawson made his way back to her, and presently dropped on to the end of the sofa where she sat.

There was a sort of new shy gravity about him now, a purpose breathing in his face, that filled her with a sudden wild impulse to stop him from speaking, and above all things, not to let their talk take a serious turn.

The sofa was near the piano, but somewhat isolated from the groups of people about the room, and the music made it easy to speak.

Rawson unmistakeably saw his opportunity, and Alice instinctively felt that he saw it.

Her eye fell upon her sister in full tide of animated conversation with a resplendent lady in green silk.

She laughed, and spoke out at once the thought that came into her head.

"Don't you wonder now Edith can waste all her fascination upon that horrid old person—some butcher's or draper's wife, no doubt—can't you imagine how she hates all these people in her soul?

"How can they have two ideas in common?"

Rawson merely smiled, and Alice dashed on with animation as the music grew louder.

"It would amuse you to go into their drawing-rooms, parlors, do doubt, they call them, it would make you shudder, immense mirrors, white marble, heavy gilded cornices, a few stiff chairs, and a sprinkling of mats worked with wool and beads.

"One wonders what it can feel like to admire such things.

"But of course they have no souls!" and she laughed again.

Rawson was strangely silent, and Alice felt impelled to go on, anything to keep the ball rolling and not have an awkward pause.

"Edith calls me 'a real princess,'" she said, "because I detect all their shoppy tricks, and their manufacturing accent, and the money in their eyes, a mile off.

"Oh! Have you read that funny thing in the Talavera Express?"

"I don't think I have. I don't think Coverdale takes it."

"It is rumored that some of the grandees on the Parade here were in search of their grandfathers," began Alice, enjoying her story and the pleasure of imparting it to an appreciative listener, "and at last, with immense eclat, it was reported that one unfortunate man had succeeded in discovering his.

"The next day the announcement was contradicted, and it was explained that at present it was only his father that he had found." Alice was in fits of laughter, "and no doubt it will be a good while before the missing grandfather turns up, or perhaps he will be found to have been a costermonger or a cats'-meat man.

"I don't know though," she added reflectively, "that they would see anything in that to brush for."

"Would you?" asked Rawson in what Alice took to be a tone of mock gravity.

"The bare idea makes me feel quite ill," she replied with a shudder.

"I watch the men of the place pass the windows here, morning and evening, each with a black bag and a newspaper, and looking so utterly unlike the men one is used to, that I sometimes wonder how they can bear to exist at all.

"But they seem to be quite complacent and cheerful."

"Then you don't believe in 'the nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil'?" asked Rawson, scanning her face with earnest searching eyes.

"I like it in the poem—in theory, you know," she answered, "and to an American it is tolerably natural of course," then, seeing an expression in his face that she could not quite explain to herself, she added hastily, "of course I know they are useful in their own sphere, but then, I would keep them there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Uncle's Spirit.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

NOT very long ago my wife and I were spending the evening at a friend's house.

In the company was a young gentleman who made some pretensions to being a spirit medium.

Chaff was freely bestowed upon him, until he finally declared that he could obtain some manifestations that we could not deny.

The challenge was accepted.

Preparations were then made for the performance.

A moderate-sized, but heavy dining-table was selected.

Seated around this, we were soon shown table-turning and lifting, some of it impossible to put down to trickery, but we accounted for the same by ascribing it to electricity or magnetism.

When the huge table was elevated some two feet above the floor, and flung upon its side without any apparent agency, then some were convinced.

Others, amongst whom I was most prominent, declared that even this was not enough.

"Very well," said the medium, "I shall endeavor to remove your doubts in another way, and we will now have some table-rapping."

He proceeded to explain that this was done in the following manner—

A spirit by name must be asked for.

On his announcing himself by raps on the table, questions could be asked, and all his answers would be given by raps on that article.

All questions must be put so that they could be answered by "yes" or "no," or by numbers.

Three raps would mean "yes", one rap, "no."

Forthwith, accordingly, spirits were called for by various persons.

Considerable amusement was created by the consternation of the ladies, when they thought a "spirit from the vasty deep" was so near them.

Many of these answers were really wonderful.

The time of a watch placed under a handkerchief on the table was told by the spirit in wraps.

The number of coins in a purse—fortunately they were numerous—was correctly stated.

Many other severe tests were applied, in most of which the table was very successful.

Still disbelieving, I was challenged to call a spirit unknown to anyone present, and to ask any question that I thought was fit.

Suddenly remembering an uncle who had died many years before, who had lived many hundreds of miles away from where we then were, and who as far as I could tell had never been heard of, much less known to any one present, I asked for the spirit of Chester Wilde.

In a moment or two three raps on the table announced the supposed spirit of my uncle.

"Are you the spirit of Chester Wilde?" I asked.

"Yes," was the immediate reply.

"He who lived at Fromborough, in Southshire?" I persisted.

"Yes."

Then correct answers were given as to the date of his death, how long his wife had remained a widow before she married again, and her present abode.

Then the matter began to grow very exciting.

I next proceeded on to deeper waters relating to a matter that needs some explanation.

The mother of my uncle was a granddaughter to a baronet, Sir William Chester, who had died intestate very many years before.

His estates had been thrown into Chancery.

There they remained.

She had always declared that her son (my uncle) was the rightful heir to the estates.

On her death-bed she had given to him a bundle of documents.

She charged him never to part with them as some day they would enable him to regain the title, or at any rate the estates, which she said were his right.

Amongst these documents was what purported to be a will made by Sir William Chester.

Many years ago, when a lad twelve years of age, I, with my mother, was on a visit to this uncle.

Some months before that time, he had been informed that a claimant to the estates had come from America, and if he wished to defend his supposed rights he must take steps at once.

He had the seeds of consumption in him, and he knew that his days were now numbered.

To this, and to the fact of his having no children, we put down the unwillingness that he had always evinced to take steps in the matter.

Friends made offers of money to press his claims.

He refused them, on the ground that he would not like to risk other people's money in so uncertain an adventure.

At the time of my visit the affair was much talked about.

It fired my youthful ambition to have the prospect of a very wealthy uncle, perhaps a baronet.

I had accepted the truth of the story without a question.

In my eyes he was quite a hero, and I almost assumed the airs of a nephew of so great a man.

His wife was a proud, ambitious woman, and she fanned my ardor, promising that if they obtained their rights, I was to have a pony and no end of good things.

Within twelve months, however, the whole romance was at an end.

Chester Wilde died, the American claimant was declared heir.

The whole affair became in our minds a dream of the past.

But I always believed that had he received his just due, my family would have been the owners of a splendid estate, with all its accumulations.

This was the matter upon which I wished to question my uncle's spirit, and in view of what afterwards took place, it must be remembered what was my own belief.

"Were you the rightful heir to the estate of Sir William Chester?" I asked of the spirit.

"No," was the, to me, astounding reply.

If this were true, the will and other documents I knew had been in my uncle's possession, must have been forgeries, for they were clear enough.

So that I next proceeded upon this hypothesis.

"Were the documents you had forgeries?"

"Yes."

The table jumped excitedly.

The situation now became a very serious one.

I wanted to know who the forger was, so I began with my uncle, intending to go backwards and trace where the guilt lay.

"Did you forge them?" was the next question.

"No," came decidedly and without hesitation.

"Did your mother forge them?"

"Yes," and in the most excited manner the table rapped out this reply.

Astounded I left the table, saying that it evidently told lies, but that it certainly was wonderful what I had heard.

The effect this made upon my mind was very great.

Some time afterwards, calling upon my mother, who, it will be remembered, was with me on the visit to my uncle some years before, I told her all that had occurred.

By then the effect had somewhat passed away, and I laughingly told the story as a very good joke.

"You don't mean to say," she asked, in astonishment, when I concluded my narrative, "that the table said the papers were forgeries?"

"Yes, but what of that?" I replied, noticing that a peculiar expression came over her countenance.

"They were forgeries," she answered me.

"Forgeries! How do you know that?" I exclaimed.

Then she told me the following strange story.

"You remember," she began, "when we were at Fromborough, one evening your aunt talking very boastingly of what she would do when they got their rights, and promising you a pony.

"That same evening you went down into the town with her to visit some friends, and after you were gone I asked Chester if he expected anything would ever come of the matter.

"He then brought out all the documents and showed them to me, finally saying that they were nearly all forgeries, and that his mother forged them.

"It appeared that she was a very eccentric sort of a woman, one who was thought by many to be touched in her mind.

"After her death, when these papers came into his possession, he naturally began to examine them, and was astonished to find they were so clear.

"Something roused his suspicions, however, and on making inquiries of his sister, she told him some things which proved that his mother had forged nearly all the documents, the watermark on the paper proving the same thing.

"Of course, he thus knew that it would be folly to attempt anything, and hence his supineness.

"I asked him," continued my mother, "whether his wife knew anything of this, and he then informed me that he had never told her, because she had never got on well with his friends, and to tell her this about his own mother, would only give her a handle which she would not fail to make use of.

"Under promise of secrecy I have never said a word about this matter until to-day, and should not now have done so, had it not been for the wonderful result of questioning the table."

I have nothing more to add to this story of mine.

Understand it I cannot.

No one amongst those who sat around the table knew aught of my uncle.

The theory that the mind of the questioner controls the answers of the table, does not here apply, because these answers were directly against what I had believed, and opposed to all I had then heard.

However, I cannot condemn spiritualism as I once could, though I have not seen enough to lead me to believe in it.

"Yes," remarked Fitznoodle, "I used to take my dog out when I started out for a promenade, but I don't do it now. It wasn't pleasant, you know, to have people inquire which was Fitznoodle and which was the dog."

Scientific and Useful.

TREMENS.—Dr. Seltzer recommends beef tea, made very hot with red pepper for delirium tremens. A London surgeon is stated to have treated 150 cases successfully with this remedy alone.

PAPER-MAKING.—It is reported that the decayed and dead parts of a white moss, abundant in Sweden and Norway, make a much stronger paper than can be made from wood pulp. Perhaps this discovery may lead to experiments with the superabundant trailing moss of our forests.

CRAMPS.—Elevation of the head of the bed, by placing under each leg a block of the thickness of two bricks, is stated to be an effective remedy for cramps. Patients who have suffered at night, crying aloud with pain, have found this plan to afford immediate, certain, permanent relief.

CORNS.—It is said the following is a perfect cure for corns. Dissolve a little pearl—a few worthless pearl buttons will do—in the juice of a lemon; this will occupy a few days, when a creamy ointment will be produced. Moisten a piece of rag with this and apply it to the corn for a few mornings, and surprising results will soon follow.

TO RESTORE LEATHER.—Leather may be restored in color, if not too far, gone, by a slight application of oil. If this is not effectual put on blacking; let it dry; brush it off, and go over it again very lightly with oil. If very brown, black thoroughly and oil the leather afterward, and give to it a final and careful dressing of gum tragacanth dissolved in water.

HINTS.—An attack of indigestion caused by eating nuts, will be immediately relieved and cured by the simple remedy, salt. Medical men recommend that salt should be used with nuts especially when eaten at night. To keep ice from windows take a sponge or ordinary paint-brush and rub over the glass once or twice with a little cold alcohol. This not only keeps the panes free from ice, but gives the glass a fine polish.

FENCES.—The astonishing and rather incredible statement that the cost of fences in the United States amounts to much more than the national debt receives some support by the statement of the Bureau of Statistics of Indiana that the fences of that State, if extended in a single line, would go around the globe nearly fourteen times. Their total length exceeds 344,000,000 miles, and their total cost no less than $200,000,000. A more sparing use of fences would save a great deal of money to the farmers without serious inconvenience. This is a subject for serious consideration by rural real estate owners.

Farm and Garden.

HORSE.—The health of the horse has much to do with the glossiness and smoothness of the hide. A variable diet is therefore best for them, especially in summer.

MOLES.—A gardener who was pestered with moles in his flower beds, where he could not, without injuring his "carpet bedding," place traps to catch them, succeeded in getting rid of them by boring small holes over the mole tracts and pouring into them water mixed with kerosene oil, at the rate of a gill to four gallons of water, after which he had no trouble from the animals.

HORSE AND COLT.—Unthinking farmers will sometimes place a colt or young horse by the side of a horse of more mature years and expect it to do an equal amount of work without injury. Such a thing is not only cruel but unwise. Many promising horses have been ruined by such treatment. No young horse should be expected to stand the work that horses which have been accustomed to hard usage are able to undergo.

DEAD LEAVES.—The following directions for composting dead leaves, are given by the Connecticut Experiment Station: Use one bushel of fresh slaked lime to every fifteen or twenty bushels of the leaves and dark loam lying beneath them. A bushel of lime is also recommended for ten of swamp muck. Twenty bushels of the leaves and muck are spread three inches deep, then a bushel of lime warm from the slacking is sprinkled over the layer, repeating the process till the heap is several feet high.

APPLES.—There is time after apples have blossomed and the fruit has set to manure trees, with decided benefit to the crop. The manure should be spread on the surface as far as the roots extend, preferably in bearing orchards midway between the rows. Potash is very valuable for perfecting fruits especially those containing seed inclosed in stones. In a rainy season this manure is more effective, but however dry it may be the manure will keep the soil moister by acting as a mulch and preventing evaporation.

OATMEAL.—Of the use of oatmeal for cows, says a dairy writer, mention is not often made in this country; but when spoken of it is always with praise. That it is better than cornmeal there can be no doubt; it is richer in both albuminoids and fat, and the usefulness of these two nutriments, and especially the former, for making milk, is shown not only by the results of numerous careful experiments, but by the acknowledged usefulness of oilcake meal. Where this meal is used freely there would be less use for oatmeal; but under some circumstances it might be advantageously substituted for the bran in the favorite mixture for cows of Indian meal and corn.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 6, 1884.

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PERSONAL EQUATIONS.

In astronomy the small corrections which must be made to secure accurate predictions are called equations. One of these corrections depends on the difference in the observing power of the different individuals.

One man will note with more accuracy than another the precise moment when any phenomenon occurs. After all corrections are made to the fact seen, another must be added, on account of peculiarity in the person seeing it. This is called the personal equation.

But a personal equation is not to be allowed for merely in reference to astronomical calculations.

Every man has a favorite point of view from which he sees things. We see but what we bring with us—the power of seeing; and this power is hampered by preoccupation and prejudices of all kinds. Two persons looking at the same object may carry away perfectly different, and even opposite, impressions.

Ask one who has been looking into the window of a shop containing a large assortment of miscellaneous articles what he has seen, and the answer given will reveal a good deal as to the profession, character, and tastes of the person interrogated. So, too, in walking through a picture gallery, people only stop in front of the pictures that suit themselves.

Several travelers, journeying together, reach the summit of a hill, and look down into a valley stretching far away before them.

One is an artist, and he sees the picturesque character of the scene. He notices lights and shadows, lovely streaks of sunshine on the green meadow, black shadows on the hills.

Another is a wood-cutter. He notices the timber, and can tell you its quality and value.

A third is a geologist, and he sees the stratification of the rocks, the terraces deposited by the retiring waters, or marks of glacial action.

A fourth is a general, and he notices at a glance the strategic points, the commanding summits, the opportunities for moving cavalry and infantry.

Still another is an historian, and to him the landscape is living with recollections of the past.

The personal equation of each of these persons suggested their respective visions.

Almost everything has a pleasant as well as an unpleasant side, and it is possible for everyone to acquire the habit—which, according to Dr. Johnson—is worth ten thousand a year, of looking at the bright side of things.

Well for ourselves and friends if our personal equation have acquired a bent in this direction. All depends on the attitude of our mind and heart; in a word, upon our personal equation.

The pessimist believes that "it is better to stand than to walk; better to sit than to stand; better to lie than to sit; better to sleep than to wake; better is a dreamless sleep than dreams; death is better than even a dreamless sleep; and never to have been is the best of all."

Another man with less reason in the outward circumstances of his life, is led by his personal equation to become an optimist. He takes a rose-water view of everything, believes that this is the best of all possible worlds, and returns daily thanks for his creation.

"To see is to have," says a French proverb. The owner of an estate may not be its real possessor, for he may be unable to enjoy it.

A millionaire pays thousands of dollars for a gallery of paintings, and some boy or girl comes in, with open mind and poetic fancy, and carries away a treasure of beauty which the owner never saw.

All depends upon personal equation. True happiness comes from within, and not from without. It is made, not found.

SANCTUM CHAT.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made in various parts of Scotland for giving girls in the last years of their stay at school practical instruction in cookery. At present there are thirty-six schools in Scotland in which cookery is taught.

—

THE United States has more paper and pulp mills than any other country on the globe, and nearly one-fourth of the entire number in the world. The German Empire follows second, with 1015 mills, 70 less than the United States.

—

A CHICAGO printer has invented a simple contrivance whereby eight different colors can be produced on paper at one impression. He claims that his invention is original and novel, and that it can be attached to any existing printing press. He is now having it patented, and will place it on the market in a few weeks.

—

A REGULATION is in force at the Hague, by which every one in whose house an infectious disease exists is bound to hang up on the front door a notice to that effect, and to state the nature of the malady, so that any one whose business takes him to the house may risk the danger or not as he sees fit.

—

"PYRAMIDS of Instruction" are being erected in various towns and cities throughout Germany. They show upon their faces the elevation of the place above the sea level, the difference between local time and that of Vienna, London, Paris, New York, etc., and much statistical information. On each pyramid, also, are a clock, a thermometer and a barometer.

—

THE Society of Saint Luke (patron of painters) is to be established by artists and amateurs in Paris next fall, to protect buyers, free of cost, from spurious pictures. The expert bureau will give information and certificates of the value and authenticity of the paintings of French contemporary painters. The seal of the society will be set, after examination, on the original pictures, which will be entered on special registers. Inventories of private collections will also be taken.

—

THE Chinese Army, which looks sufficiently formidable on paper, is divided into three classes—namely, the Bannermen, the Troops of the Green Standard, the Volunteers, or "Braves." The Bannermen are the descendants of the Manchu Tartars, who conquered the country in the seventeenth century, and number about 500,000. The Troops of the Great Standard number about 650,000, but it is on the Volunteers that the authorities rely.

—

IT has been discovered that persons who are condemned to life imprisonment have their years actually prolonged by being provided with food, shelter and raiment, and relieved of all the troubles which assail men who have to look out for themselves. Hence, the Italian newspapers are demanding a return to the death penalty on the score of economy. In this country, life imprisonment rarely exceeds ten years, the prisoner then being turned loose upon the community to prepare for another term.

—

How large is Texas? You could bury in it the German Empire, and have room enough left for England and Wales. How large is California? You could bury in it England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and have room for Switzerland and Belgium. How large is Colorado? You could bury in it Norway, and have room enough left for Denmark. How large is Iowa? You could bury in it Portugal and Switzerland. How large is Lake Superior? You could sink Scotland in it. How large is New York? You could bury in it Belgium, Switzerland and Greece.

—

PROF. JAEGER, of Germany, would have everything worn by mankind made of sheep's wool, which must be either white or dyed with harmless chemical colors, no aniline colors being permissible. Experience, he maintains, has shown that a knit woolen fabric is the best. Over this under-clothing plain upper clothing should be worn, no overcoats, no greatcoats, finding a place in his ideal costume. As the breast must be well protected, the portion of the garments covering it are made of a double layer of fabric for ladies as well as gentlemen. Hats and caps, he insists, should also be of wool. Floors of dwellings, he holds, should properly be oiled, and the furniture oiled and varnished.

—

THE dry and arid regions of this country are steadily diminishing. As the cultivation of the American soil extends, the area upon which rain falls enlarges. In California, seasons of drought when wheat could not be grown were formerly frequent, but of late years there has been no failure of the small grain crops from this cause. Then the number of days in which rain falls has increased. Formerly, rain rarely fell later than April, but this year rain-storms of great violence occurred as late as June. Rain also now falls often in western Kansas, where formerly it was very unfrequent. It is supposed the extension of telegraph and railway lines has something to do with cloud-formations in districts heretofore arid.

—

SOME scientist has come to the front with a new theory. He holds that every thought or impression evolved from or felt by the brain produces a muscular contraction, which a skilled person can very readily detect and classify, and that the thoughts can be read by those muscular contractions. We know by personal experience that this is true. When a pretty girl puts her arms around our neck in a loving manner, and then the muscles contract and draw our lips to hers, we know pretty well what she thinks of us; and when a big, strong man comes up and puts his fingers on our neck, any man of good common sense would be able to correctly guess that he entertains an idea of temporarily abating our breath. There is nothing so very startling about the new theory, after all.

—

HUSBANDS, don't think when you have won a wife that you have won also a slave. Don't think that your wife has less feeling than when she was your sweetheart. Her relationship to you is simply changed, not her nature. Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life towards her on marrying. She appreciates those things quite as much as other women. Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your buttons still. Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by giving grudgingly. What she needs, give cheerfully, as if it were a pleasure to do so. She will feel better, and so will you. Don't meddle in the affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employes.

—

IN order to enlarge the sphere of women's employment, an organization has been formed in London, called the St Cecilia Society, which gives orchestral and vocal performances. The novelty is the female orchestra. The women sang with precision and correct intonation. The violin, the 'cello, and the harp performances were excellent, and were as satisfactory in a musical way as the shapely arms and the graceful motions of the fair performers were to the eye. But with the wind and brass instruments the women failed dismally. They may be better talkers, but girls are not as good blowers as men. The trombones and ophicleides were particularly bad. The women with the instruments were defective in wind and lip. Even the most pronounced of the women's rights advocates will probably admit that there are some things men can do well which women cannot, and vice versa.

—

THE extraordinary cheapness and abundance of petroleum has time and again suggested its possible usefulness as fuel as well as light. In San Francisco they have been trying an experiment in which petroleum and water are combined. The fuel is placed in a tank outside or on top of the house, and all that is necessary is to turn a faucet and the material is conveyed to an attachment that fits any ordinary stove. In this arrangement there is a saving of the carriage of the coal, as well as the removal of the ashes. The thermagon will heat a house or cook a dinner at one-third the expense of bituminous coal. It is said to be safer than any ordinary fire. As petroleum is being discovered in all parts of the world, it may yet become one of the principal fuels of mankind. Its cheapness is shown by the fact that its wholesale rate is rarely over a dollar a barrel, and during the past spring it has been selling in New York as low as fifty-five cents a barrel.

—

LET any one who feels limp and out of sorts go to some hilly place where there are woods to fill the air with oxygen, and there sit in a sunny spot with a narrow bag of ice on the spine. The chest will expand and the lungs put forth all their power to inhale. If there be a microbe in the system (so copiously is oxygen let in) it must almost directly be burned up. The sense of vitality is so great that one is under the illusion of being youthful again. A gentle warmth pervades all the body; the sky looks bluer, the trees greener; one is more alive to the exuberant joy of the song-bird, to the brightness of the flowers, to the fragrance of the country; and if the coarsest fare were served at the next meal, so sweet would it taste that one would feel inclined to say grace after meat in a hearty spirit. Our advice to fashionable women is to drop morphine and betake themselves in rural solitude to this ice treatment. It is the first step which costs, but when once taken, all will be enjoyment after.

—

THE dividing line between pleasure and pain is hard to find. We cry for joy; intense misery frequently induces hysterical laughter. The same nerves that thrill with pleasure thrill also with pain. The same avenues through which pleasure enters the soul permit pain also to enter. Pain is the shadow of pleasure, and never far from it. If we could sum up our sensations for a number of years, and strike a daily average, we would doubtless find that those of pleasure far outnumber those of pain, even in years of adversity. The morning light, the evening shade, the sweet sounds of Nature, the grateful taste of bread and water, the changing seasons, the faces of friends, the voices of loved ones—these are daily pleasures that we take for granted, and do not count. While one night's toothache, one brief attack of illness, a disaster in business, will make a deeper impression on us than ten thousand mercies make. How many of us are blind to the comforts and blessings bestowed on us, while we dwell on the worries and annoyances that infest our lives (as they infest all lives.)

DAYBREAK AND FLOWERS.

BY A. C.

Ere yet the sun with burning rays
Had chased the cool, grave hours,
Turning the meadows all ablaze,
I sought sequestered bowers;
And, from my covert, in amaze,
Caught daybreak painting flowers.

So stealthily, with tip-toe skips,
She flitted everywhere;
And stooped and kissed with carmine lips
Wild roses frail and fair,
Which shook and flushed from heart to tips,
Then left them trembling there:

And turned, as if in elfish freak,
Her sorceries to apply;
With stained and fragrant dew to streak
The four-o'clocks so shy;
While drowsy poppies near her cheek
Awoke in scarlet dye.

The drooping lilies' courage fled,
Her presence to behold:
She hovered o'er their lowly bed,
Formed of the dark, damp mould,
Light from her shining mantle shed,
And left them burnished gold.

One moment more, the matted vine
Her giddy head caressed;
Against this sly look-out of mine
Her purple hair was pressed;
Never before in robes so fine
Were morning-glories dressed.

Then, willing colors from the skies,
The amber, blush, and blue,
She whirled a cloud before my eyes,
Of flowers in every hue,
And vanished in the great sunrise
From my bewildered view.

A Student.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

MY DEAR COUSIN HOWARD,—I hear from Alice that you are about to leave your lodging on the moor, and from her description of the place I think it would suit me perfectly.

"I want a very quiet house with no other lodger. I must read hard during July and August.

"I have just got a splendid vertical section of the petal of the *digitalis purpurea*, and I am quite sure you are right about the total cessation of activity in the chlorophyll before the appearance of the pigment. However, Dr. Bond maintains his own opinion still.

"Will you arrange for me to take your rooms, if you think they will suit? I should like to go down on Thursday, if possible.

"Ever your affectionate cousin,
"F. EVELYN."

"Humf" said Mr. Evelyn, as he cracked his egg and finished this epistle. "The place is quiet enough; only what is up now I wonder? 'Read hard'—always the way. Well, I'll take the rooms—I'm sorry enough to leave them myself."

He looked through the quaint, diamond-paned window out on the wide stretch of rugged moor, the tree far-reaching sweep of heather-clad earth and lichened stone; and sighed to think that to-morrow he must leave the lonely majesty of this quiet place for the civilised noisy dulness of his London chambers.

"Mrs. Peters," he called, hearing a step in the passage.

"Yes, sir," answered his smiling landlady, opening the door. "Good-morning, sir."

"A beautiful morning, Mrs. Peters. It makes me hate to go back to London, and leave such weather behind."

"Indeed, sir, I'd be sorry for anyone to stop enjoying themselves; and if you'd like to stay, why, the rooms b'aint taken as yet."

"Ah! I wish I could. But I want to engage the rooms, Mrs. Peters, if you've no objection. A young cousin of mine, a great student, wants to come down here for July and August. I suppose you have no one in view—what has happened to Mr. Anson?"

"He's gone to Switzerland, sir, I think. Anyway, he hasn't taken the rooms this summer, I am sorry to say. But for any friend of yours, Mr. Evelyn, I'll do my best, and I can say no more."

"Certainly, sir, and I am much obliged to you."

"Then I'll be back by four, and I shall be pretty hungry, Mrs. Peters. You won't forget to tell Jack about my portmanteau, will you?"

"That will be all right, sir."

So Mr. Evelyn donned a light overcoat and a broad-brimmed hat, and equipped with a tin box and an umbrella went forth for his last botanical ramble on Dartmoor.

Mrs. Peters returned to her kitchen with a light heart.

She was burdened with a rheumatic husband, and their income from the little farm was so small that she was much beholden for her winter maintenance to the sum she earned by letting her two best rooms in the summer months.

But Chagleigh was far from any town, and bordered the very wildest part of the moor.

These circumstances, which lent it great attractions in Mr. Evelyn's eyes, hindered less retiring visitors from taking up their abode at the farm-house.

"Thomas, there's a young gentleman, a cousin of Mr. Evelyn's, coming down to take the rooms. He's a great student, and he'll stay for two months."

"Hope a'll pay of a's a book-larned lad," growled ungrateful Thomas.

"Now, Thomas Peters, I'm ashamed! Instead of kneeling down—well, that you can't do, poor dear—but thanking the good Lord. Of course he'll pay."

"An how's Maister Hanson to stop here, too, then?" continued ungrateful Thomas, as a shadow darkened the doorway. "For yere he be!"

"Mr. Anson, my dear!" cried Mrs. Peters staring aghast at the new-comer. "Wherever did you come from? To think of it! If I ever thought you were coming here this day! How did you come, sir?"

"Why, I walked over from Teighmoor this morning, Mrs. Peters," replied Mr Anson. "Didn't you get a letter from me a week ago?"

And he seated himself on the kitchen settle with the air of one who knew he was welcome.

"Never heard a word about you, sir, since Mrs. Bayle told me you were going to Switzerland."

"Well, old Martin must have the letter in his hat or one of his pockets then, for I wrote several days ago. But I hope you can take me in?"

Mrs. Peters did not usually speak with a Devon accent.

But none but a genuine daughter of Devon could have put as much dismay and grief into a single syllable as she did.

"My de—ar! Whatever shall we do? Only this very morning I let the rooms to a gentleman from up the country, thinking you weren't coming."

"That's bad—for me," returned Mr. Anson. "But I suppose what must be, must be."

"No, Mr. Anson, it musn't. I'll tell Mr. Evelyn the gentleman can't have them. You have the best right, sure."

"You had better take in the stranger, I am at best only an uncertain bird. Take him in and do for him, Mrs. Peters; I'll go over to Teighmoor again till I find a good place."

"Dear, dear! You must be nearly starved. I'll get you some breakfast first, and then I'll step over to Mrs. Blake's and see what sort of accommodation she's got. Would you like to try her, Mr. Anson? I hear she's a clean, thrifty body."

"Aye, if she could have me. I really don't care where my tent is pitched—only that I would rather be here. But I don't believe Mrs. Blake's heavy-cake can come up to yours, Mrs. Peters."

"Well, she's a tidy body and does her best," said the gratified hostess, generously. "And if you are not comfortable, you have only to tell me, and I'll find you a place you'll like. I was beginning to think this new young gentleman would be company for you, but I don't know."

"I'll come and see what he's like, anyhow. If he doesn't want society we shall easily find it out. I dare say he doesn't, coming down here."

At this moment the cart carrying Mr. Anson's luggage from Teighmoor came into the yard.

It was discovered that a portable easel was missing.

As the boy declared he had brought every article he received, there was nothing for it but that Mr. Anson should set out again after breakfast, and walk the seven miles to Teighmoor.

"I'll call at Mrs. Blake's on my way, Mrs. Peters," said he. "Meanwhile, the luggage can remain here, if you will be so good. Tell Mr. Evelyn I was sorry not to meet him. I shall sleep at Teighmoor to-night."

And away went the young artist over the moor.

Mrs. Blake had rooms at Mr. Anson's disposal.

She promised to do her best for the young gentleman.

Mr. Anson took up his abode in her dwelling, about a mile from his old quarters at Chagleigh Farm.

* * * * * *

The Wednesday intervening between Mr. Evelyn's departure and the arrival of his cousin, was occupied by Mrs. Peters in cleansing as thoroughly as possible the apparently spotless furniture, and in making other preparations for her new guest.

She confided to her husband a sort of dislike to the young man, and several times expressed her sorrow that she was not getting the apartments ready for Mr. Anson.

For three summers he had spent July under her roof, but some uncertainty as to his movements had now unfortunately arisen, and she was compelled to send him away.

For all her vexation, she surveyed with much pleasure the neat rooms that shone with hard polish on wood and metal, as she patiently awaited the arrival of the stranger.

"He can't say they're not clean enough, anyhow," was her satisfied comment.

The sound of wheels drew her to the door.

After one brief glance she suddenly retreated, and much surprised her husband by rushing into the kitchen and exclaiming—

"Land's sake alive, Thomas! The new young gentleman's a lady!"

* * * * * *

"Yes, I like the lodgings very much," said Miss Evelyn pleasantly, when Mrs. Peters brought up the tea that was to have regaled the imaginary young gentleman. "But I find the windows don't open at the bottom. How do you manage to ventilate the room?"

"Mr. Evelyn used to have them just as they are, miss," answered Mrs. Peters, a little hurt. He never complained about them."

"Oh, then, never mind; I dare say I can manage."

And the young lady smiled so brightly that Mrs. Peters left the room with a less wrathful heart than she had borne during the interview.

But she told her husband that Miss Evelyn was full of very queer whims and fancies.

She for one didn't want to have the old house blown out of windows by draughts of wind.

She added several other remarks which showed that the lady lodger was not likely to become such a favorite with the good woman as her cousin had been.

The next morning Miss Evelyn unpacked a very heavy box, which proved to be nearly full of books.

These she established in rows on the only table.

In answer to Mrs. Peters' puzzled request for a place on which to lay the cloth, she cleared about two feet square, and intimated that not another inch could be appropriated for any purpose whatever.

Several photographs in light frames were scattered about the room.

A gay Indian shawl was spread in a fantastic manner over the low, broad window-seat.

An easy chair which had arrived with the luggage stood by the window, and a reading-easel was placed in front of it.

The little room, though with such very slight touches, was completely transformed.

The most effective object in it was its occupant, whose personal appearance shall be described later on.

"I should like to have dinner every day at one o'clock, Mrs. Peters, and tea at five. Then I shall not require anything more from you till breakfast time. And I should like breakfast not later than eight."

Mrs. Peters was about to reply that Mr. Evelyn never required his breakfast until half-past nine, but a glance at the calm face "took it out" of her, as she told her husband.

She was an excellent cook, but she disliked being tied to time.

The idea of a lady's arranging things in this manner was rather distasteful to her.

Meanwhile the young artist made himself very comfortable at Mrs. Blake's, as was his custom wherever he located himself.

He was as fond of fishing as of painting, and he spent many hours by the trout stream, looking for "effects," he said.

His effects, though, were mostly in the shape of the shining fish with which he not infrequently filled his basket.

He was of an imaginative turn of mind, and amused himself during the lonely hours of his first days on the moor, by speculations about the man who had so suddenly usurped his rooms at Chagleigh.

He sketched several interviews, during which he and the student became very fast friends.

His lively invention had surrounded the unknown with a halo of romance, as he decided to send the spoils of the day to Mrs. Peters, with a request that she would cook them for the evening meal of her guest.

So it happened that when Miss Evelyn sat down to tea, half-an-hour after her arrival at the farmhouse, some delicious trout appeared on the table.

Mrs. Peters, in her "flustrification," as she afterwards explained, forgot to mention the donor, and so the young artist's gift was not received with the gratitude he intended it to inspire.

"I shouldn't ask a more delicate attention," said he, as he looked lovingly at the gift before sending it, "than four fine trout. And very probably he won't care about the pleasures of the appetite."

I am bound to say, however, that the recipient much enjoyed a part of the present, and wondered if Mrs. Peters could possibly make her lodgings pay, providing such delicacies for her guests.

* * * * * *

On the second day after Miss Evelyn's arrival, Harry Anson determined to pay a visit to the student.

"I'll talk about Old Evelyn," said the cheerful youth to himself, as he walked through the heather and bracken to the farm. "I dare say he's nervous; reading men always are. There was Lynch of Balliol! How he shook when a fellow spoke to him! But I'll be free-and-easy; that's what shy fellows like; and I'll tell him I loved his cousin like a father. I wonder how he spends his time. I mustn't let him sit over his books. It would be a sin on this moor, and in this weather. Well, here goes."

He opened the wooden gate of the farmyard and passed in.

Now, Mrs. Peters rarely left the farm, especially in the evenings.

On this particular evening, however, she was anxious to attend a meeting held in a small Methodist chapel, about a mile off.

So having filled her husband's pipe, and ascertained that Miss Evelyn wanted nothing, she set off, leaving the lodger in her own room, writing a letter, and her husband in his customary arm-chair by the kitchen fire.

Thomas was sleeping peacefully when Harry Anson arrived.

The young artist, who was quite at home at Chagleigh, went quietly through the kitchen, and ascending the little stairs, knocked at the door he had so often called his own.

"Come in," said a clear voice.

He obeyed, saying pleasantly—

"I trust you will not think——" and there stopped.

On the way to Chagleigh he had quite determined on the main features of the student's appearance.

He had gifted Mrs. Peters' lodger, with a tall, stooping figure, a sallow complexion, hollow eyes, and a rather rusty coat.

In place of this typical student stood a young woman, of about middle height, well-formed, but not slender.

Her eyes were, as he saw in one moment's bewildered glance, neither dark nor hollow, but grey, with delicate brows almost square in outline.

Hair of golden brown replaced the sickly black locks of the artist's mental picture, and the rusty black coat was a robe of soft dark blue, draping in elegant folds.

All this he saw in that one bewildered second.

Then, as a slight flush began to rise on the lady's cheek, he said confusedly—

"I beg your pardon most sincerely. I believe I have made some dreadful mistake."

So saying he retreated clumsily, as he thought.

She lady bowed gravely without uttering a word.

"I'd swear Mrs. Peters said a man," growled the artist, as he strode homeward at a furious pace.

"But what must she think of me?" he added.

The cloud of vexation which darkened his soul was becoming very dense, when, suddenly, the comical aspect of the affair struck him, and he laughed long and heartily at the absurd mistake.

On returning from Chagleigh he found a note awaiting him.

It was from the rector's wife, inviting him to dine and play tennis on the following Monday.

Mrs. Bayle was a very friendly old lady, and she had adopted Harry as one of her prime favorites on his first visit to the moor.

He was usually glad to be invited to her house, but this evening he could not think of anything but the vision of the student as she had appeared in that one short pregnant moment.

His fine taste lingered in admiration on the graceful form and the soft dark drapery.

His fancy was much excited by the fair face, as he had seen it, just beginning to color into fuller life.

"It was like the quickening of the statue!" he said enthusiastically. "I wonder if I could get the pose? But the expression was everything."

Late as it was he seized a pencil and tried to sketch an outline.

But both face and form eluded his skill, and he threw up the attempt in disgust, longing for another sight of the beautiful image.

Sunday came.

The artist found himself weighing the probabilities of Miss Evelyn's attendance at Chagleigh church.

Finally, he decided to go there as usual and to sit, as he had always done, in Mrs. Bayle's great pew.

"If she's there I can't fail to see her," was his comforting reflection.

With this very pious motive he went to church and took his seat in the old chancel pew.

Mrs. Bayle was comfortably ensconced in one corner of the pew.

Her three grandchildren occupied three little stools at her feet.

These were the only persons he knew in the church.

However as they stood up to begin the service, he caught sight of a figure half-hidden by the form of a big, burly old farmer.

His heart gave a glad bound, and he was everlastingly grateful to Farmer Roden as that worthy moved his position on the reading of the lessons, and permitted him to steal many furtive glances at the face that interested him so deeply.

"Who is the stranger lady?" he enquired of Mrs. Bayle as he was conducting her to her little pony-carriage after service was over.

"Miss Evelyn, you mean? She is a cousin of your friend the botanist, and you are going to meet her to-morrow afternoon. We dine at five, so that you may enjoy yourselves when it is cooler."

The little old lady was not aware what gratitude filled the heart of her favorite, but she was pleased with his bright smile and his filial attentions, as he established her in her carriage and said good-bye.

* * * * * *

The drawing-room at Chagleigh Parsonage had never before seemed a very imposing room in Harry Anson's eyes.

Now, on entering, it seemed to him invested with the dignity of a presence chamber.

In the furthest window stood the woman who had interested him so much.

He found that the grace of form, which was her greatest charm was natural, and not the accidental posture of a moment.

Beauty of features she could hardly be said to possess, but the wonderfully intelligent eyes, and broad, white forehead showed that her intellectual nature was of no mean order.

Yet—and perhaps this was the secret of her grace—there was a certain individual modesty in her air and carriage.

Anson did not formulate these impressions, as they came to him in the first few moments of their intercourse.

But he noticed, almost without intending to do so, every movement which might be characteristic.

Dinner was soon announced, and, though

he did not sit near her, the party was so small that he could still observe.

The younger gentleman left the table with the ladies, leaving the Rector over his glass of claret.

Four of the party began to play almost immediately.

The rest—Anson, Miss Evelyn and Mrs. Bayle—sat down to watch.

"I have been wishing for an opportunity to ask your forgiveness for my intrusion the other evening, Miss Evelyn," said the artist.

"And I have been wishing to thank you for your delicious trout," she answered, with a gleam of fun in her eyes. "I am afraid, though, that they were not intended for me. At least, Mrs. Peters has told me so."

"Ah, I see she has explained it all. I don't know how she came to make such a mistake. I suppose Mr. Evelyn simply said 'a student,' and left it to her ingenuity to guess that you were a lady."

"Yes, I think that must have been the cause. But I owe a great debt of gratitude to my cousin for finding out this lovely place."

"I was sorry not to see Mr. Evelyn when he was here," said Mr. Anson. "He used to try to infect me with a taste for botany when we rambled over the moor together."

So they talked on till the set was played through, and Miss Evelyn was compelled to join.

Anson excused himself, more because he wished to catch her than because he was anxious to hear the result of Mrs. Bayle's last attempt at a Servants' Friendly Society.

However, he listened to the good old lady with all due attention.

He was much more sincere in his interest when she began to talk of her fair guest.

"She is a very talented girl, and a very good girl too," said Mrs. Bayle, warmly. "I don't know a more modest or a more unselfish creature."

"Is she studying for a profession?" asked Anson, curiously.

"Oh no, I think not—I hope not—I don't like the idea of women becoming doctors and lawyers, Mr Anson. They will want to be clergymen next—and what a pretty state of things that would be!"

"Then I suppose Miss Evelyn studies for her own amusement?"

"Well, if you can call it so. But I believe she works very hard. I hope she takes plenty of exercise. I remember when I was a girl at school we walked three hours a day; morning and evening we went out, wet or dry."

"Miss Evelyn is an orphan, I believe?"

Seeing at last that her young friend was much interested in Miss Evelyn, Mrs. Bayle became exceedingly communicative, and everything that she told him interested him more and more deeply in the girl. She had been her father's constant companion since her mother died, leaving Florence only twelve years old.

From that time she had kept house for him, nursed him when ill, written his letters and read to him in her so-called leisure moments.

For five years she had given up all her time and thoughts to him, and though she was passionately fond of reading she had denied herself rigorously all relaxation of this kind, except, indeed, her reading to her father.

Her father's death, three years before, had left her alone, and she had employed her time ever since in close and persevering study.

Her only home was the house of an uncle who let her do just as she liked.

"And she always likes to be alone," said Mrs. Bayle, thoughtfully. "It is strange and sad in so young a girl."

Miss Evelyn did not now look sad.

At the moment she was standing at the edge of the court, and with a magnificent backhander she had just won the game for her side.

The players sat down to rest, and Harry Anson brought Miss Evelyn a chair, saying:

"I hope you are not too tired to play again. I am going to ask you to play with me, if you will be so very kind."

"I shall be very glad," she answered brightly. "I am not at all tired."

"Do you mean *mid* or *with*, Mr. Anson?" queried Miss Annie Bayle, a schoolgirl. "For," she added wisely, "if you and Miss Evelyn are partners it is sure to be a love game—none of us can play against you two."

"That must be as Miss Evelyn wishes," returned Anson.

* * * * *

For several days Miss Evelyn went out regularly every morning. And no matter what direction she took she was sure to meet the artist either going or returning.

Treating this at first as accidental, she exchanged a few pleasant words with him each time, but gradually her manner grew colder, and at length she passed him with a distant bow, and the next day was not visible at all.

"Evidently I have been worrying her," said Anson to himself one evening, tired after three long, dull days by the trout-stream. "I can't stay here and not want to see her. But I can go away and leave her in peace."

With a very desolate feeling he made this characteristic resolve, but he meant to put it into practise, not knowing that fate had decreed otherwise.

* * * * *

The evening settled down early in a thick mist.

Anson watched the dark masses of cloud rolling up and driving against the windows, wrapping the little farm-house in a dense covering.

He was in a very restless mood, and the time hung heavily.

He had some letters to write, but could not write them; his rod had gone out of order, but he did not care to mend it.

He was leaving Miss Evelyn, and it was leaving the best part of his life behind.

"Of course she can't bear the sight of me," he reflected. "And I can never explain why I haunted her, for now she won't give me a chance. I can't make her love me by keeping about; but I can't by keeping away, either. Anyhow, she shall enjoy the moors unmolested."

Mrs. Blake heard the news of her lodger's sudden departure with unfeigned dismay, notwithstanding his just settlement with her.

"But I might have known what to expect of a bartis'," she told her good man in the kitchen. "There was Master Toller from Exeter, couldn't abear the sight o' crame. An' the young man over to Mrs. Ladd's, in Teighmoor, never gets up out o' bed till two o'clock in the day. Hartists is never rightly of it, my dear."

The member of the eccentric profession who had given rise to these remarks was, meanwhile, engaged in putting together his possessions.

He had packed his colors and easels, when a loud knock was heard at the door, and Mrs. Peters was admitted.

"Where's Mr. Anson?" demanded the good woman, quite breathless.

"Gone to bed, a' reckon," answered Blake. "It's past ten o'clock. My dear, whatever be the matter?"

Anson had heard his name, and opened his door, saying: "Here I am Mrs. Peters. What do you want with me?"

"Oh, Mr. Anson, where's Miss Evelyn? There's a mist out as black as night, and ——"

Before she could finish, Anson had seized his hat and was downstairs.

"Miss Evelyn out in this mist!" he said. "Then not a moment must be lost. Mrs. Blake give me a lantern. Which way did she go? Why didn't you come before? No one knows where she may be by this time." Mrs. Peters began to weep.

Mrs. Blake got a lantern and promised to wake up her two sons and send them out to join in the quest, and Anson went out in the mist with Mrs. Peters, who was sobbing with fright and shaking with cold.

"Thomas was so bad, I didn't notice what a mist it was," she said piteously. "Miss Evelyn went out at four and said she would be back in a couple of hours. Maybe she's gone to the Rectory, but I never knew her to stay out a night yet."

Mrs. Peters' experienced eyes easily discerned the road to the Rectory, and then she left the young man to go on by himself.

Her husband was really ill, and she dared not leave him.

The household had retired when Anson reached the Rectory, and he roused the old gardener with some difficulty.

While he was trying to make old Trewin understand his errand, Mrs. Bayle appeared in dressing-gown and nightcap.

She was much alarmed on hearing of the mist.

Miss Evelyn had not been at the Rectory, and the old lady fully understood the danger to which her young friend was exposed.

The Rector was away, and the only man on the place was Trewin, who, however, at once volunteered his aid in the search.

Anson was now growing desperate.

He only waited to arrange that he should return to Mrs. Bayle before dawn, however the search might turn out, and he told the men who had followed him from his lodgings that they were to do likewise.

He then plunged again into the gloom.

He went, as he thought, in the Teighmoor direction, thinking this the most likely.

He called Miss Evelyn's name now and then, and threw the rays of his lantern on every object he could discern along the road.

At length he came to a place where the road dipped down and turned—he kept straight on and soon found that he was walking through the heather.

He was as surely lost in the mist as if he had never trodden a moor in his life before, and his only chance lay in the hope of meeting one of the other seekers.

Hour after hour passed.

When dawn came, struggling with the mist that was now slowly rising, Anson found that he was many miles from the Rectory, the other side of Teighmoor, having skirted the town in some unaccountable way.

Now for the first time he perceived that he was exhausted.

He shivered as he dragged himself slowly along, and the great fear that had been with him through the night now seemed to have settled in the chill that wrapped him round.

He went to the inn at Teighmoor and ordered a pony trap.

The ostler knew him well and handed him the reins.

But he could not hold them, and changed seats with the boy who was to bring back the chaise.

The road to Chagleigh Rectory had never seemed so long.

At last they reached the gate, and Anson was descending, with difficulty, for his limbs were now stiff, when Mrs. Bayle rushed out, crying:

"Have you heard? She is found! She is quite safe!"

Anson could only gasp out: "Where was she? Is she hurt?"

"She is as well as ever," said Mrs. Bayle, in her motherly way. "But you are tired out—and how you shiver. You must go to bed directly and have some hot breakfast. Go and lie down on the drawing-room sofa till your room is ready."

He was only too glad to obey.

When she brought him some breakfast a few minutes afterwards he looked more exhausted than ever, and could not be got to more than taste the food.

"You have a thorough chill upon you," she said decidedly. "Go to bed now and get warm if you can."

A thorough chill he had got.

The long night spent in the cold mist provided him with a feverish cold which lasted for a fortnight.

Mrs. Bayle watched him with motherly care, and as soon as he was able she moved him down to the drawing-room.

By this time she had learned his feeling for Miss Evelyn, and the kind old lady determined to assist her favorite all that in her lay.

The explanation of the young lady's disappearance is simply this. She had walked out, not intending to go to Teighmoor, but meeting a small pony-chaise which belonged to a farmer near Chagleigh, she thought of driving to the town and back again, to see if some friends who were coming down to stay there had arrived.

Jim Chubb, who was in charge of the pony-chaise, was glad enough to drive her for a small fee, and so she went to Teighmoor.

But as the evening looked threatening her friends persuaded her to stay all night with them, and the boy was sent back to Chagleigh with a message for Mrs. Peters.

But the boy had gone calmly to sleep, and the pony had made its way home in the mist, the boy not recollecting his message till next morning when he went to Mrs. Peters with the news.

Mrs. Bayle often told Harry Anson of Miss Evelyn's kind enquiries. "She is very much distressed about you," said the good lady, noticing with a smile the good effect her words had upon her patient.

When the day came for his release from the sick-room, Mrs. Bayle said with some slyness:

"I have invited Miss Evelyn to come this afternoon, Harry. Do you think you are well enough to see her?"

It was like a dream, Harry thought.

But she actually came and put out her hand with such a kindly look that his heart leaped up and his whole face as illuminated.

He had never looked so handsome.

"I can hardly say how much grieved I am to be the cause of your illness," she said, sitting down near him and regarding him with grave compassion.

What could he say? What did he say? I do not know. Something very foolish, doubtless.

But Miss Evelyn did not think it foolish, for she talked on in her quiet tones, making the interesting invalid almost wild with contained happiness.

There were many more such afternoons in store for them.

Harry did not get well quite so fast as might have been expected from a fine young fellow of twenty-three.

But Miss Evelyn was always ready to read for him or sing to him or talk—anything to show how sorry she was that he had to suffer on her account.

Her studies were rather interfered with, but it was wonderful how little she minded. And before the summer was over she had learned that there was a new and delightful world she had only dreamed of before—the Eden of perfect love.

Anger and Repentance.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"THEN you refuse to give up this hateful journey, in order to accompany me to the masquerade, upon which I have so set my heart?"

"I must refuse, Estelle. This is a matter of pressing business, an engagement made weeks ago, and my word is pledged to be at hand at the appointed time. I am sorry to disappoint you, but it cannot be avoided," returned the husband, gravely.

"Cannot, indeed! I say it can. Eugene Duval, if you go to-day, and so disappoint me, you will rue it all the days of your life. Let me assure you, I shall go to that ball to-morrow night, either with you or without you; I swear it," returned the wife, crimson with passion.

"Oh, my darling, do not be so hasty. I know you do not mean one half your angry words imply; for you surely would not attend such a public place without the protection of your husband."

"I have said it, I will go to that ball either with you or without you."

"Then it must be without, because I cannot remain. When I return——"

"Don't talk of your return," interrupted the angry wife. "I hope, from my soul, if you go, I may never behold your face again."

"Did I hear your aright, Estelle? Let me be sure that I was not mistaken in your words," returned the young man, every vestige of color receding from his face and lips.

"You were not mistaken. I repeat my words to satisfy you. I hope, from my soul, if you go, I may never behold your face again."

With these words the angry young wife passed from the room, leaving her husband bending over his open valise, which he had been filling with articles required during his absence.

A few moments later, Estelle heard him slowly descend the stairs, and the closing of the front door told that he had gone.

Rushing to a window, she saw him, valise in hand, walk to the corner, and without a look towards the house, enter a passing cab, and then—she saw him no more.

No more, I say, for days, weeks, months—nay, years elapsed, and the bright, handsome face of Eugene Duval never greeted the longing sight of the poor, young wife, whom remorse for her passionate words had rendered lonely and desolate.

Estelle had kept her vow.

She had attended the great masquerade ball, accompanying an intimate friend of her husband; but there she had been strangely unhappy.

None of the pleasures so anticipated could reach one who had parted from a loving, kind, and good husband, as unkindly as she had done.

A vision of the pale, shocked face, that she had seen after a second time repeating those cruel words, kept continually thrusting itself before here, even in the midst of the dances which usually afforded her so much delight.

She felt that the company was to her exceedingly tedious, that the time for her return to her home seemed cruelly long, and as the moments rolled on, she thought continually—

"I wish I had not come. I wish I had not said those angry words. I will tell Eugene, as soon as he comes home, how wretched I have been, and ask him to forgive me."

But he never came.

A few days of wearying silence passed, and then a letter arrived, telling her she need not fear being pained by a sight of his face again, as he was just about leaving for a distant part of the world where all traces of him hereafter would be entirely lost.

He advised her to sell the house he had settled upon her at their marriage, as he did not think it best for her to live alone, and she could still return to her father's house.

He had arranged his business affairs, making ample provision for her every want, as he was abundantly able to do.

He gave no address, therefore she could not answer.

This was his last farewell.

Years rolled on, and her heart never ceased to ache under its deep pressure of remorse, sorrow, and undying love.

Poor thing! she had loved her husband, but she had never curbed her violent temper, or checked her sinful love for gaiety and excitement.

When she did learn this lesson, when her fierce passions had been subdued, and she could quietly bear crosses and disappointments, when excitement and gay scenes had lost their charms, and home and pure domestic duties had taken their place in her heart, the one who would have enjoyed the change, and rejoiced in the now amiable, and still beautiful woman, was far away, ignorant of her repentance, entirely estranged.

Seven years went by, and we find Estelle Duval still with her parents and only sister, now just twenty-two, the age that she had been when her eyes last rested on her husband's face.

Friends often wondered that Mrs. Duval never appeared in society with Clara, but they could not but admire her dignified reserve while suffering under the sting of being a deserted wife.

Mr. Malcolm, her father, had never been a fortunate man in business, and as times were hard, he had sought of late years to mend his slender income by taking a few select boarders.

On the morning when we see them in their home, the mother and her two daughters were seated in Estelle's prettily-furnished bedroom, discussing the appearance of a gentleman who had just left, after engaging rooms.

He would take possession of his handsome apartments the next day, he said on leaving.

"Did you like his appearance, mamma?" asked Clara.

"I did very much; although all conversation was carried on through a friend he brought with him as interpreter, he being a German, unable to speak our language. He is probably forty-five or fifty years of age, very gentlemanly in his looks, and had excellent references. I should think him wealthy, as he was willing to pay high prices for additional privileges and comforts."

"I hope he will be a pleasant inmate of our home, although he must be a silent one as we cannot converse with him," remarked Estelle.

In raising her eyes while speaking, they fell upon a likeness of her absent husband, whose handsome, beardless face with its winning smile, seemed almost boyish in its beauty and repose.

Her gaze remained riveted upon the picture as she calmly continued—

"I was passing through the hall as he was leaving, and the tones of his voice reminded me of Eugene's. Did he look like him?"

"Oh, no. He was, as I say, full forty-five. His hair was very grey and bushy, and so was his full beard. There may have been a look of Eugene's about the large, dark eyes, notwithstanding he wore spectacles with tinted glasses, but I did not think of it while with him."

Mr. Oberholtzer proved upon further acquaintance a perfect gentleman.

He seemed socially inclined, often spending his evenings in the parlor with the family, bringing there his books and papers, being fond of reading and study.

At first the ladies felt awkward with their silent companion, but finally they ceased to regard his peculiarities; and knowing that he did not understand them, they chattered away of their own affairs, heedless of his presence.

One thing, however, became apparent to Mrs. Malcolm and Clara, and that was, that

Mr. Oberholtzer appeared to admire exceedingly the totally unconscious Estelle.

He noticed her every little want at the table, was always ready to place a chair for her when she entered the room, and sometimes they had surprised him gazing with a long impassionate look upon her beautiful features, when she was entirely unaware of his admiring glances.

They began to observe this but wisely kept it to themselves, fearing to displease, even by a jest, their loving and afflicted child and sister.

One cold winter's morning, the German gentleman sat in the shadow of the lace and crimson curtains, deeply absorbed in the contents of his paper, when the sisters entered.

They perceived him, but secure of his not understanding their conversation, they continued it.

"Do go this once, Estelle," pleaded Clara. "It will be such a splendid entertainment, and the music will be so fine."

"No, dear, do not urge me; you know I have lost all taste for parties since Eugene left me. If you could realize how I have suffered for that fearful love of pleasure, you would never urge me to renew it again.

"Only think," she added, while tears filled her eyes, and her voice trembled with sorrow, "had it not been for that fatal ball, I should never have said those cruel, untrue words that drove him from me, even while in heart I loved him better than anyone on earth. No, dear sister, I have shuddered whenever I think of going into society, since that fatal day, and I shall go no more."

The sisters turned away as they spoke, not seeing that Mr. Oberholtzer had risen from his chair, and had hurriedly turned to approach them.

That afternoon Mr. Malcolm came home from his business earlier than usual, and calling Estelle into the parlor, he hastened to tell her some important news, regardless of the presence of their silent boarder, who sat near the window.

"Estelle, darling, I hurried home to tell you that Dr. Maxwell our family physician, called at my office this morning, and greatly delighted me by asking my permission to speak with you on the subject of marriage."

"Oh, father," exclaimed Estelle, in accents of deep surprise and sorrow.

"Listen to me, my child. Dr. Maxwell loves you devotedly. He knows your sad story, knows that you have not heard from Eugene for seven years, knows also that a divorce for abandonment can easily be obtained, and wishes me to urge his suit. My dear, will you listen to him?"

"Never, father, never! A divorce from Eugene, whom I still love, I will never ask. I respect Dr. Maxwell—he is a good man; but none but my absent Eugene shall ever call me wife."

"But, Estelle, he may be, and probably is, dead."

"So am I dead to all living men. I had a good husband—I loved him, but I could not make him happy," was the firm reply.

"My child, you are different now."

"I am; I have repented from the depths of my heart for my former conduct, but I shall ever cling to my lost husband. Tell Dr. Maxwell that I cannot listen to his proposal—that I will never consent to be divorced from one who still possesses my whole affections."

"Very well, my child, I will not press the matter, although I like Dr. Maxwell so very much," sighed the father, as he left the room to seek his wife.

Estelle sat motionless a few moments after Mr. Malcolm had gone, then, dashing off an unbidden tear, she was rising, when a gentle touch fell upon her arm, and a low, muffled voice whispered—

"Estelle!"

She looked up, surprised to see Mr. Oberholtzer standing beside her, with a face full of emotion.

Before she could speak, being startled, he murmured—

"Forgive me, but I would speak of your husband."

"Sir! Can you speak English? Did you know the person you mention?" she exclaimed with a face from which all color had fled.

"I can speak English. Forgive me for deceiving you so in regard to that matter, and surely you will when I tell you I come from Eugene?"

"Oh, Mr. Oberholtzer, then he lives—he lives! Bless you for those words. But does he love me yet? Can he forgive his broken-hearted wife?"

"He can, and thus entreats you to forgive him also. Look up, Estelle, my own darling, and see who stands beside you."

A thick, gray wig and beard lay upon the floor, the tinted spectacles rested beside them, and there, with open arms and his own smiling face, stood Eugene Duval, waiting to fold her to his bosom.

With one glad cry she sprang to meet him, and winding her arms around his neck, burst into joyful tears.

Holding her still in his fond embrace, Eugene gently soothed her with kisses and tender words, and then, when she became more calm, he told of his long wanderings in foreign lands, of his accumulated and great wealth, which brought him no happiness because unshared by her, of his longings to see her once more, of his fear that she would not receive him kindly, and of his sudden resolve, well carried out, to seek her home as a foreigner and understanding English, thus mingling in the home circle, and so judging whether she wished him to return.

"Oh, Eugene, my own husband, you fully forgive me now, and will never forsake me more?" exclaimed Estelle.

"Never, my precious wife. My wanderings are over, and death alone shall part us. Bless you, my darling, for not listening to Dr. Maxwell's loving appeal."

I need not say that great joy and surprise were felt by the family when Mr. Oberholtzer turned out to be the long-lost husband of Estelle, and the pleasure with which they greeted him could not but convince the poor fellow that he was truly welcome.

The pretty house they seven years before had called their home, was repurchased and refurnished, and a more devotedly domestic couple than again took possession of it, could [illegible].

A [illegible] said:

"Lamentation is the only music that, always, like a screech-owl, lights and sits on the roof of an angry priest."

And this motto had been fully impressed upon the mind of Estelle during the seven years of her loneliness, so that in all the added years of her life, she was able to put in practice the power of a well-governed temper, remembering—

"What you keep by you, you may change and mend,
But words once spoken, can never be recalled."

The Baby's Bank.

BY HADLEY RICHARDS.

"NO," said the engineer, as he stood for the signal to start, "I wasn't always an engineer. I wasn't anything for a long time.

"I had the knowledge in my head all the while, but it was lost under a heap of rubbish. What fools men are when left to themselves sometimes! Now, look at me. Would you say I ever was a tramp?"

A tramp!

His white, muscular throat—white and wholesome under the coal dust—his strong, well-knitted frame, clear eye, and firm hand, denoted the man of pluck and courage—a practical worker; not the idle, nerveless, relaxed object which is denominated a tramp, and which is a blight on the face of nature.

No; this man was never a tramp, and we told him so.

"But I was, gentlemen," he said. "I was not only a tramp, but the worst kind of one; and I worked harder and suffered more to get into that condition than I ever did to reach this." And he looked proudly at the polished trimmings of his iron steed.

"I'll tell you how it was," he said, "I was a tramp, no matter how I came to be so, or why. I lost home, friends, self-respect, and went from bad to worse; but I had never broken the laws, nor wronged anybody but myself, when I fell in with some fellows who thought they had found a tool, and they had.

"They say every man has his price, and they offered me mine. I agreed to take money and do the work.

"It was this: to hang about and get acquainted with the inside of a house—the house of the richest man in the place—and to show them the way. They said I looked the most respectable for the purpose.

"Gentlemen, you wouldn't trust one of the gang with a quarter, least of all me as I looked then; but I felt almost proud of the compliment, and that afternoon I was to go up to the house and look for work, or to ask for food. Just as it happened to strike me, when there was no one at home but the women-folks, and look around to see how we could get in that night; for robbing, and perhaps murder, was what they meant.

"It was just such a pleasant, peaceful afternoon as this, and all the doors and windows were open, and not a soul saw me as I lounged in through the garden and up to the verandah.

"The gang I had fallen in with had made one mistake—they had kept me sober for the work, not clear-headed, but sober enough to make me feel that we were doing a dastardly trick; to make me, for the first time in many a day, ashamed of my own company. But I had gone so far I must go on.

"I had walked up the steps and into the house without seeing a soul, and I stepped into a long, cool room, and there I saw on the mantelshelf, in a great, gold-framed glass, a white face, and two red, blood-shot eyes—my own, but what a fright they gave me! and then I saw something else—a small iron bank, such as children keep cents in.

"It was made of latticed bars of wrought iron, and between every bar was the gleam of gold and silver coin. I hadn't a cent in my pocket, was hungry, tired, footsore, and disgusted with what I had undertaken. It came over me like a flash that I could take this money and get out of the gang; it would be a dishonesty, but not such as this they had planned.

"I reached out my hand, and stopped.

"There, at my very feet, on a white lace pillow, and all white and fluffy, like an angel, lay the loveliest baby I ever saw in my life. She was asleep; but as I looked at her in startled wonder, she opened her eyes as wide and bright as daisies, held up both pretty hands, laughed like a bird singing, and said, 'Joe, Joe,' which wasn't my name at all. I didn't touch the baby's hand, and I didn't touch the baby.

"While I stood there, a little pale woman came out of her room and nearly fainted when she saw me, and I sat down there and told the story, and asked her to have me sent to prison for protection for myself and others.

"She sent for her husband, and all the time we were talking the baby laughed and cooed, and called me by the name she gave me—'Joe;' and the rest of the gang were waiting at the turn of the road for me to come back to them.

"I didn't give them up; it wasn't worth while, when I had put the people they had designed to rob on guard, and left the town that night. I didn't go to prison.

"The man whose house was to be robbed gave me some work, but I didn't reform all in a minute, and he never could have reformed me at all; it was the baby who did it. She trusted me.

"When I found my evil inclinations were getting the better of me, I went to the baby, and she smiled on me, and I grew strong right off; it made a man of me.

"I never could tell what the baby saw in me to make her help me in this way; but it wasn't of this world.

"She knew she could save me, and she did it.

"That was ten years ago, gentlemen, and I am more of a man to-day than I ever was, and it is her doing."

"She must be quite a large girl, now?" we said.

"Maybe so; I don't know how that is; some folks say they don't reckon time by months and years.

"I'd like to feel that she's the same sweet, smiling baby, holding out her hand in that confiding way, and call me that same name, but I never wanted anyone to use the name since she said it the last time.

"She was going to sleep, never to wake up, the doctor said; they told me she wouldn't know me, and that I would disturb her.

"I went in on my knees, and crawled up to the bed and looked at her.

"Dear child! she was as white as the sheets, and her pretty curls never stirred a hair, and her sweet eyes closed, and I groaned in my heart, for I thought she was gone; and then she opened her eyes, and there came a great struggle for breath, and I, oh! I'd have died to help her, and she just looked at me, and put one hand up—I fancied she pointed up there—and she smiled on me, and says she, all at once, 'Joe! Joe!' and then she made her mother understand that she wanted something.

"It was the little bank, and she wanted me to have it. I took it to humor her, and thought I'd give it back to her when she got well.

"And then she smiled again, and I listened to hear her say 'Joe,' and all was still.

"You see, I never could go wrong now; but how did she know about that little bank and my wicked thoughts?

"And she *forgave* and loved me, too, pretty dear. The smoke makes me cry. There's the signal. Good-day, gentleman.

New Publications.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the author of "Self-Raised; or, From the Depths," just published, considers it to be the best work she has ever written. In it, the hero rises from the depths of poverty, misery and humiliation, and to trace his progress, step by step, has been with her a labor of love. There is a curious blending of realism and romance in this work—the result, it may be, of the leading incidents having occurred in actual life. It is, as Mrs Southworth says, her best and greatest work, for it is strongly marked by all the merits of her style, is an exceedingly interesting and powerful story, and should be read by everybody. It is published in a large duodecimo volume of 559 pages, with a view of Prospect Cottage, and surroundings, the home of Mrs. Southworth, on the Potomac, at the unprecedented low price of seventy-five cents a copy. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publs., Publishers.

Some time since we referred to the intended publication of an easy system of acquiring the Spanish language, by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. The work has now been issued in fifteen parts, and seems to realize all it claims in respect to ease, clearness, and thoroughness. It is based upon what is known as "The Meisterchaft System" which has been most successful in Europe of late years, and proceeds on the rule of learning first, such parts of the language as are most valuable practically. The mind is not overburdened on starting, out with too many grammatical rules, but these keep pace with the stock of words given, so that the task of going along is made both pleasant, successful and easy. Those desiring a good way of learning the Spanish tongue should send for this book. Estes & Lauriat Publishers, Boston.

"How He Reached the White House, or a Famous Victory" is the title of one of the latest issues of Lovell's Library. It is written by one thoroughly familiar with events, men and things in this country and is correspondingly interesting. While ostensibly a story it contains considerable fact and much else that is entertaining and brilliant. Published at 14 & 16 Vesey Street, New York. Price 25 cents.

"Miss Ludington's Sister" is a story that will certainly please those who are fond of the mystical in their novels. It is by Edward Bellamy well-known as the author of many successful works, and mainly hinges upon spiritualism. The chief incident in the plot, a medium dying while in a trance, making it impossible for the materialized spirit to return to the other world, is as unique in its way as the giant of Frankenstein. The book contains some good character study, and the plot is likewise marked by more than ordinary interest. The spiritualistic element is not introduced for missionary purposes, but solely as a medium for the better understanding and entertainment of the reader. We venture to say none who read it, will find it anything but highly enjoyable. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Publishers. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

MAGAZINES.

Another splendid issue of the *Magazine of Art* comes in the September number. Every article is new, interesting and [illegible]ly illustrated with engravings from full-page in size, downwards. Among the [illegible]: A Field Hand-maiden; Current Art: Diderot's "Salons"; [illegible]; "A Scrap-book"; [illegible]; [illegible]; A [illegible]; etc., etc. Cassell & Co. New York. $3.50 per year.

Arthur's Home Magazine has among others the following in its contents for September: Frontispiece: Leonore; A Study of Perfumes, Illustrated; Some Autumn Leaves; Not According to the Appearance; [illegible]; Story-writers, Mrs. [illegible]; Nonsense Money; [illegible]; [illegible]; Mothers' [illegible], The Temperance Cause; Current Literature; Housekeepers' Department; Fancy Needlework and Home Decoration, Illustrated; etc. Arthur & Son Phila., Pa.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A Young Girl's Demeanor—How it was Occasioned—Some New and Startling Truths.

The St. Louis express, on the New York Central road, was crowded one evening recently, when at one of the way stations, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, entered the cars and finally secured a seat. As the conductor approached the pair, the young lady arose, and in a pleading voice said:

"Please, sir, don't let him carry me to the asylum. I am not crazy; I am a little tired, but not mad. Oh! no indeed. Won't you please have papa take me back home?"

The conductor, accustomed though he was to all phases of humanity, looked with astonishment at the pair as did the other passengers in their vicinity. A few words from the father, however, sufficed, and the conductor passed on while the young lady turned her face to the window. The writer chanced to be seated just behind the old gentleman and could not forego the desire to speak to him. With a sad face and a trembling voice the father said:

"My daughter has been attending the seminary in a distant town and was succeeding remarkably. Her natural qualities, together with a great ambition, placed her in the front ranks of the school, but she studied too closely, was not careful of her health, and her poor brain has been turned. I am taking her to a private asylum where we hope she will soon be better."

At the next station the old man and his daughter left the cars, but the incident, so suggestive of Shakspeare's Ophelia awakened strange thoughts in the mind of the writer. It is an absolute fact that while the population of America increased thirty per cent. during the decade between 1870 and 1880 the insanity increase was *over one hundred and thirty-five per cent.* for the same [illegible]. Travelers by rail, by boat, or in carriages in any part of the land see [illegible] to buildings, and inquire what they are?

[illegible]'

Who builds them?

Each State; every county; hundreds of private individuals, and in all cases their capacity is taxed to the utmost.

Why?

Because men in business and the professions, women, at home or in society, and children at school overtax their mental and nervous forces by work, worry and care. This brings about nervous disorders, indigestion and eventually mania.

It is not always trouble with the head that causes insanity. It far oftener arises from evils in other parts of the body. The nervous system determines the status of the brain. Any one who has periodic headache; occasional dizziness; a dimness of [illegible], the eyes; a loss of [illegible] or fainting at the pit of the stomach, should [illegible] at once. The stomach [illegible] is the [illegible] part of the [illegible] to be [illegible]. Acute dyspepsia causes more insane suicides than any other known agency and the man, woman or child whose stomach is deranged is not and cannot be safe from the coming on at any moment of mania in some one of its many terrible forms.

The value of moderation and the imperative necessity of care in keeping the stomach right must therefore be clear to all. The least appearance of indigestion, or mal-assimilation of food should be watched as carefully as the first approach of an invading army. Many means have been advocated for meeting such attacks, but all have heretofore been more or less defective. There can be little doubt, however, that for the purpose of regulating the stomach, toning it up to proper action, keeping the nerves in a normal condition and purifying the blood, Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, excels all ancient or recent discoveries. It is absolutely pure and vegetable; it is certain to add vigor to adults, while it cannot by any possibility injure even a child. That it has been used in the days of the famous Harrison family is proof positive of its merit as it has so thoroughly withstood the test of time. As a tonic and revivifier it is simply wonderful. It has relieved the agony of the stomach in thousands of cases; soothed the tired nerves; produced peaceful sleep and averted the coming on of a mania more to be dreaded than death itself.

Not a particle of quinine nor any mineral substance is contained in Ayer's Ague Cure—but it does the business. Warranted.

Our Young Folks.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

BY BARTLEY RICHARDS.

SOMETIMES there are little people in nurseries who do not know how pleasant their lives might be, and either from obstinacy, passion, or perverseness make themselves and everybody else uncomfortable; but it was not from any of these faults that little Daisy Primrose, who lived in one of the brightest of these old rooms, suffered, indeed, she was, on the whole, very sweet-tempered, well-behaved little girl of six years old.

She had the best and kindest of parents, four little brothers and sisters, to whom she was much attached, a good nurse, first-rate bread and milk morning and evening, and excellent health.

Why, then, was she always crying?

That was the puzzle to everyone and to herself; for if you asked her why, she generally replied, "I don't know."

The nurse opined that something should be given her to cry for, and, indeed, went so far as to suggest that the fairy inspector of nurseries should be sent for and consulted.

"Really, Miss Daisy," said the patient nursery-maid one day, when the little girl was standing in the middle of the room looking like a small tornado, with her tears flying down her cheeks, having been deprived of pudding for dinner, "really, you are such a baby. I wonder this place isn't a pond by now—wherever do so many tears come from? Now dry your eyes and be a good girl. There is nurse calling—I must run, and you can follow."

So saying, she quickly tied on her bonnet, and left the room.

And what did Daisy do?

For some time she stood still where she was, rather surprised to find herself alone, and feeling sorry she had not gone with the others.

But presently she felt an uncomfortable dampness in her feet, and looking down saw that she was standing in about two inches of water.

Children are not often astonished at astonishing events, and she calmly considered the rising water, as she would have done had the nursery been overturned.

In a certain sense, she was unused by it.

And when the toys began to float, and an especially active little boy-elephant, not to be outdone by his companions, swam gallantly out to the door, she only laughed merrily, clapped her hands with pleasure, and watched the next arrival of a farm-yard with breathless interest.

But soon the increase of the flood obliged her to look for some place of safety, and she sprang on to the table nearest her, and there witnessed the mad career of horses, cows, pigs, geese, and ducks—sometimes shipwrecked against a chair, or hurried to the central whirlpool, where they speedily disappeared again, and floated away.

Even now no feeling of fear had assailed her; but when her last new Parisian doll, who walked and talked, was seen rising from her chair, with streaming hair, pale cheeks, and staring eyes, and after a vain effort to sit down again, had been suddenly taken up chair and all, wailing out her new, "Papa, Mamma," and dashed against Daisy herself—then, indeed, her danger seemed to flash upon her, and was increased by finding the table on which she stood begin to rock.

Above her head were the ropes of a swing, she seized hold of these, and the table gliding slowly from under her, left her suspended in the air.

In this perilous position she remained a few moments, and must have soon literally realized the saying, "drowned in your own tears," by falling from exhaustion, when the cradle of her youngest brother passed underneath her; she quickly let go of the ropes and found herself sitting on the top of the wardrobe, over the waters, and then with a loud scream, as if the waters had found their outlet, she was borne swiftly through the open window of the room.

The motion must have been a soothing one, for she began to feel very drowsy, when the cradle, taking a new direction, became perpendicular that it was only by holding fast to the sides that she was able to keep herself from falling out.

Darkness, too, added to her alarm; but fortunately, however, this descent was not of long duration, and she stopped at what appeared to be the bottom of a deep well, through which a dark stream flowed.

The cradle again took an onward course through an archway of rock, into a large cave, and Daisy found herself standing on dry ground.

On every side was a sound of falling water, which flowed into crystal basins, and the light coming in from above reflected upon them such dazzling brightness, that Daisy fancied they must be clusters of diamonds.

Over each crystal was an inscription, and as she was endeavouring to read one she was addressed by a lady who came to her side, and taking her hand said, "Daisy, I am the fairy of running waters; no one reaches this spot but through tears. Of tears, however, there are many kinds. Will you come with me and separate yours from the dark stream by which you entered."

Saying this she gave Daisy a wand and desired her to tap three times on the wall.

"We will wait here a little while and watch these crystal vases," she continued; "happy will it be for you if you have come to the precious drops we shall find in this cavern," and as she pointed to the inscriptions she read, "Tears of Repentance, Tears of Gratitude, Tears of Joy, Tears of Sympathy, Tears of Sorrow. These are the healing waters of earth, no such tears are ever lost, they flow in here, and are then purified from every earthly alloy, and sent back for the sick and the sorrowful in fountains and springs."

"Say," she added, "whether you can see anything in these vases?

Daisy bent forward but could see nothing.

"The image would have been clear to one who had wept like tears," said the fairy, "but you are perhaps too young to have shed such. I will, however, lend you the glass of sympathy to look through," and [illegible] gave her, saw represented [illegible] of the water a vessel of about twelve years, lying on a small bed in a long room.

She was deathly pale, and her breath came in short, panting gasps, but the expression of her countenance was so lovely that Daisy could only think of the pictures of angels which she had seen.

By the side of the bed knelt a young girl with her face hidden in her hands, and sobbing violently.

"Forgiven! Forgiven! Is it possible" she at length murmured. "I, the cruel slanderer; I, who by my wicked falsehoods had turned away the hearts of those who loved her; I, who hated her because she was better and cleverer than I was, and had even persuaded our mistress to send her away in disgrace from the school, and made her sister believe it was just. You [illegible] Christabel, my forgiven, who has forgiven me, and never more will [illegible] repent and love her. Oh, live, live, Christabel," she wildly cried, my "heart is breaking from its weight of sorrow."

The dying girl turned slightly towards her, and as she did so two large tears fell on Alice's hand.

"Tears of Joy," she whispered. "Alice, darling, I love you, it is so sweet to forgive, and your tears of repentance will mingle with mine hereafter, and bring you peace and healing. Kiss me once again," and as Alice bent to do so a mist rose over the water, and Daisy saw no more.

After a short pause, the fairy led her on to the next opening.

Here the light was dim, and the sound of rushing waters, as they fell dowing and leaving their edge broken banks, so frightened Daisy, that she drew closer to her guide.

"Yes, said the fairy, "we shall not need to [illegible] Very terrible are the tears which flow in this place. Tears of Passion, tears of Envy, tears of Selfishness and how terrible and wasteful destroy, in the overwhelming flood, all [illegible] or [illegible] bad, sweeping away with it flowers and verdure, or [illegible] the ruins of the home of children, or indeed grown people look when they give way to these [illegible] passions, of the consequences of their wickedness. But come," she said, taking the little girl's hand, "I will not burden you with any of the sights you would see looking into these wells, but rather go to our last cave, where," she continued with a slight smile, "we may perhaps find a stream with which you have some acquaintance."

Daisy blushed, for as she entered she saw written the words, Tears of Folly and Impatience, and on the ground, amidst little sailing pans, lay many of her broken toys, which had been carried down in the same stream by which she had entered.

"We do not collect these waters," said the fairy, "but let them run away, for they are useless for any purpose. Perhaps you will try here what you can see."

Not very willingly Daisy obeyed, and in the first pool she saw a little girl sitting on the floor with a shoe in one hand, and crying as if she were broken-hearted.

It was very like herself; and then she remembered that only the day before she had done that very thing, cry and cry because she had only one shoe, and when at last the nurse came up, she found she was sitting on the other.

Pool No. 2 showed her an hour later, at breakfast—tears again. "What is it, Miss Daisy?" said the nurse. "I wanted strawberry jam, and this is marmalade." "Just like Tommy Tucker," said an older sister, "he cried for white bread instead of brown."

No. 3 showed her standing in the middle of the room, with the tears flowing, "What now?" said her mother. "I don't know," answered Daisy.

And a fourth found her weeping over a picture book which she held upside down, and so could not tell what the pictures were.

By this time poor Daisy's face was so scarlet with shame, that the fairy took pity on her, and with her wand disturbed the water, which soon disappeared.

Then she said, "I hope, my dear child, you will let your [illegible] wanderings disappear as quickly and then we shall have neither to [illegible]

You have been a sweet [illegible] home, because a fear of passion or [illegible] grieved you, and you only [illegible] to be shown how foolish a little girl or boy can look, who cries about 'Nothing.' Now," she continued, picking up the toys, which mended as she did so, "get into your cradle again, and take these with you. You will have to go back on air instead of water," and taking an immense pair of bellows, she puffed such a puff that up went cradle, Daisy, toys, and she found herself standing in her old nursery. The door opened, and the nurse, nursery-maid, and her brothers and sisters came in from [illegible]

"Why, I do declare," said the nursery-maid, "if Miss Daisy isn't standing exactly as I left her two hours ago."

"And not crying," added the nurse. "Well, wonders will never cease."

OUT OF THE WAY.

BY MARY E. PENN.

"YOU sha'n't have my daughter!" said Mr. Foster, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash. "There's no use talking, young man. You shan't have her!"

"At least, you'll tell me why?" said the lawyer's managing clerk, who had just made application for the hand of the old gentleman's only daughter. "What do you know against me, sir?"

"For the matter of that, nothing in particular," replied Mr. Foster. "But I'm a solid man myself. I have made money, and I want to lay that money in a warm nest.

"Now, if I give my girl to a poor fellow like you, when she comes in for what I leave her you'll spend it, instead of doubling it. Besides, you're too young—not six-and-twenty.

"And there's my old friend Wade, five-and-fifty, owns a block of houses and a hundred acre farm, factory, and forty workmen's cottages. You ought to have sense enough to see that he is the man for Agatha, not you."

"Is Agatha [illegible] me best?" pleaded young Whitman.

"Stuff and nonsense! She'll like who I tell her to," replied Mr. Foster, whose grammar was not his strong point. "As to [illegible] an appointment at two, I'll say good-bye to you, young man."

At this hint Mr. Whitman bowed himself out of the great contractor's office.

He intended, however, to have Agatha Foster.

He did not care for her fortune, and he knew she hated the suitor whom her father favored.

"Elope with me, Agatha," he pleaded, as he stood the next day under the side window of her father's house, before that gentleman returned home. "Elope with me. We are both of age. Let us defy everybody."

"I suppose [illegible] would come round in time," said Agatha, "but I can't give up my things. I own a very few would [illegible] and I must [illegible] jewelry and things, and I want [illegible] dresses, but how could I [illegible] when I [illegible] him [illegible] out [illegible] old [illegible] Graham, as [illegible] said [illegible] to [illegible] to lock me up in my room if I set foot outside the door, and to let no one in? There be [illegible] and in the hall all night, [illegible] guard!"

"Is he?" said the lawyer's clerk, sarcastically, as, at a signal from his lady-love, he kissed his hand and ran away.

Solemn Jack Graham, sitting all day in the hall-chair with a stick in his hand, the object of the detestation of all the female servants, of opening the door on a crack to all applicants, slipping letters into his own pockets, and keeping the house free from intruders, thought himself invulnerable; but his weak spot had been discovered by his enemy.

It was a bad boy. Not many days afterwards, at five o'clock a ring came at the door.

Graham answered it, but found no one there. Another ring, and still another followed.

"It's a boy as runs and hides himself," said Graham peering up and down the street. "The next ring I'll catch him," and he waited with his back against the door, and his stick grasped in both hands.

The ring came.

Out bolted Graham down the street; peeped around the corner, found no boy, and was about to return to the house, when a hand caught his coat-collar.

"Help!" roared a voice. "Help! Thieves! Police!"

"Let me be," shouted Graham. "What do you catch hold of me for?"

"You've got my pocket-book," cried the young man. "If you haven't, you have thrown it away. I missed it as you ran past me. Officer"—this to a policeman who had speedily arrived—"I want this man arrested. I've lost my pocket-book."

And so, amid his protestations, prayers, and cries, that respectable old person, Jack Graham, was pushed, pulled, and dragged to the nearest station-house, followed by a crowd of ragamuffins, and there locked up for the night.

And that young man who had lost his pocket-book, and who was to appear against him the next morning, looked suspiciously like the young lawyer's clerk, Mr. Charles Whitman, who of course knew that one against whom a charge was made must be arrested, even if he was able to prove himself entirely innocent next day.

And who came to the door in a fly half an hour after but this same young Whitman? and who got into it but Agatha Foster? and where did they drive but to the station, and thence to Bath?

And Betsy Jane, and Sarah, and Ellen Maria all seemed to enjoy the carrying down of a trunk, bag, and parcel or two, with which they loaded the carriage, kissing their hands to Miss Agatha as it rolled off.

At seven o'clock, old Mr. Foster rung at his own bell, and Betsy Jane opened the door, meek hood and tidy, while all the other servants listened at the foot of the kitchen stairs.

"Where's Graham?" asked Mr. Foster.

"Please, sir, a p'liceman arrested him a while ago for picking a gentleman's pocket," said Betsy.

"Graham pick a pocket! Nonsense! He never did it!" roared Mr. Foster.

"No, sir. I suppose not, please, sir," said Betsy.

"And where's Miss Agatha?" asked Mr. Foster.

"Gone to have a ride, sir."

"What?"

"Gone a-riding, sir."

"Where? Who with?"

"Please, sir, I don't know where. With a real nice young gentleman, with black moustaches, sir, replied Betsy, demurely.

For an hour or two the neighbors all wondered what had happened in at Foster's, and cook said she wondered the roof did not fall in, for she never heard such doings.

And the return of Graham, with his account of false arrest and imprisonment, did not mend matters.

But Agatha was right, after all. In a few months the old gentleman felt that he could not do without his girl, and finally wrote her a letter, which re-established the happiness of the family.

To-day the young lawyer's stratagem and his method of getting old Graham out of the way is considered an excellent joke by his worthy father-in-law.

SOME POPULAR ERRORS.—The pelican is said to feed its young with the life-blood from its own bleeding bosom. This is a beautiful mistake that will live forever in symbol and legend. The "real live" pelican has a large bag under her unwieldy beak, and, digging with the beak toward the breast, she feeds her brood and soils her feathers with regurgitated lumps of fish from the bag.

The nightingale leans her breast against a thorn and sings in pain. In the old poets not only has she a thorn in her breast, but she puts it there. Instead of being the voice of lonely love, she ought to be the emblem of those discontented people who, in a position enviable to others, first make their own troubles, and then spend their lives in self commiseration. Of course, the nightingale is not such a fool as she looks in poetry.

Swans are said to sing a death song: this is poetry, too. But they are hatched during thunder; and this is prose—the belief of otherwise sensible folks.

Crows and cat-owls but each other at their eggs put on the same nest with a [illegible]

Leaving of eggs, the stock of birds only of England eyes an egg when the [illegible] casual saving, it is stolen, she goes [illegible] never will [illegible] to work in [illegible] or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] Sussex, [illegible]

As we have got to the poultry yard, let Job's turkey have a word. We in this country have the honor of discovering that ill-conditioned bird. They say "as poor as Job's turkey, that had to lean against a fence to gobble," but there we must leave him, as he does not strictly belong to us.

THE AGE OF THE ORANGE TREE.—The great age to which the orange tree lives and bears is an important consideration for the colonist, who might, by a little self-denial, a judicious first selection and expenditure upon an orange grove, virtually endow his posterity with an annually increasing income.

Risso, in his work alluding to it, mentions that in the Convent of St. Sabina, at Rome, there is an orange tree said to be 600 years old, and at Nice, 1789, there was another which usually bore between 5,000 and 6,000 oranges; its trunk took two men to encircle it, its crown was more than 50 feet from the ground, and its age was lost in antiquity.

Even in England, orange rearing, during a considerable part of the year in the open air, has not been attended with much difficulty, as witness the Beddington orchard in Surrey, of which Bishop Gibson, in his additions to Camden's *Britannia*, says it "was 100 years old in 1695;" the Hampton Court orange trees, some of which are stated to be more than 300 years old; and various gardens in South Devonshire, where, trained against the walls, and only protected with straw mats during Winter, are specimens which have flourished for at least a century.

A FOREIGN critic thus addresses a hint to [illegible] "When in despair, play oboe and follow with bassoon. There is more despair to the square inch in a well-managed oboe than in most instruments out of tune; absolute woe can be given by unchaining the trombone."

WELL PAPERED.—A tenant in a house at the east end of London, that last refuge of poverty, recently testified before a charitable committee to having taken twenty-two thicknesses of paper off the walls of a room, preparatory to repapering it.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

THE END.

When the gold and the red of the setting sun
  Grows pale and fades at the close of day,
When the flooding splendor is over and done,
  And night draws on and covers its way,
We do not hope its return in vain,
For we know to-morrow will come again.
  This is good-night.

When we part with a clasping hand at night
  From the friend we love, we feel regret,
And the bright, warm heart takes with it the light,
  And joy of our own hearthstone; and yet,
This regret is not a hopeless pain,
For we know that the friend will come again.
  This is good-night.

When we leave the shore that has known our birth,
  When we turn our longing sight to fill
Our hearts with memories of sorrow and mirth,
  The throbs of expectation are still,
And night draws on, while we strain our eyes
For a long, last look of our paradise.
  This is good-bye.

When a soul is called from the busy crowd,
  To tread the paths of an untried way
In garments of light instead of the shroud,
  And we look our last on the form of clay,
We know we have said our last adieu,
And the broken vows we cannot renew.
  This is good-bye.

When we stand at the gate at eve with him
  Who has filled our life with joy or pain,
When we watch the waning light grow dim,
  And know we shall never watch it again,
We say the words and hear the reply,
And we know the farewell is spoken for aye.
  This is good-night and good-bye.

ABOUT FANS.

ALL efforts to discover the origin of fans have hitherto proved failures. So far, we have no definite knowledge in what country the little machine was invented; but China lays claim to the honor of the invention, as it does to others of even greater importance.

Nougaret, in his poem on the "Origin of the Fan," confesses his ignorance on the subject.

There are three traditions from which we are free to choose. The first shows us a jealous sultana, who, in her wild passion, strikes with her fan the rival who insults her before her master. The damsel is to forfeit her life for her rashness, but Love appears, and she is saved.

The second legend is that which is best known and oftenest quoted. The lovely Lam Si, daughter of a distinguished mandarin, is present at the Feast of Lanterns. The heat is overpowering, and to cool herself the maiden removes her mask and waves it before her pretty face.

So fascinating is her attitude, so graceful are her movements, that all the ladies must needs follow her example, and soon myriads of masks are moving vigorously.

The third legend takes us back to about 670, when the Emperor Tenji is reigning. One of the natives of Tamba, a meditative naturalist we may suppose, is watching the bats as the flit by folding and unfolding their wings, and the idea seizes him that fans could be made of leaves. These fans were afterwards called bats.

Bamboo and feathers were employed in the manufacture of fans; later on they were made of silk richly embroidered, sometimes with pearls.

By the name of pank-ha the fan is known in Hindoostan. There, at least, it is eminently useful; for us who live in cooler climes fashion has often decreed that we should sport fans when their usefulness is quite out of the question.

In the grand procession in the East, when idols are carried abroad on ceremonial occasions, men of high rank are proud to keep the flies off the sacred images by waving fans about them.

In the Calaya, we are told, which, for the benefit of those not knowing, we may mention, is one of the Five Paradises of the Indians, "the blessed are privileged to fan the deity Ixora."

In Japan the fan is in constant use. We read of its being handled in sign of salutation, and also of command.

Children are hushed to sleep in their cradles by attendants who ply the fan to quiet them.

In the schools they are put to a different use, and scholars feel the weight of their master's arm as he gives them a rap with his fan.

Workmen, whilst engaged in their occupation, will, if possible, keep one hand free for the indispensable fan; and soldiers flirt their fans whilst the enemy's fire plays hot and fast around them.

There, too, it is a national emblem; and memorandums are jotted down on fans as naturally as in an ordinary note book. The fans on which Chinese get illustrious personages to write their autographs, or a sentence, or a line of poetry, are well worth preserving.

A Roman lady of rank was attended when she went out by her flabellifera, who waved a palm, or peacock's feather, before her, and also by her parasol-bearer.

At grand banquets slaves stood behind the guests, whose duty it was to cool the air with large fans. Scented fans were made of feathers in the form of a lotus leaf.

Acolytes in the temples were furnished with fans that they might keep the flies from the sacrificial offerings. The fan of the priests of Isis was composed of a bird's wings affixed to a handle.

The lovely Helen of Troy, so says Euripides, was, according to the Phrygian custom fanned by a slave with a screen of feathers.

The leaf of the Oriental plane tree and branches of myrtle were pressed into service.

By whom the fans were introduced into mediæval Europe—authorities differ on the subject—we have no precise means of telling.

Some say that the Crusaders, perhaps, brought the fashion from the East; it is probable that the custom of using the fan never quite lapsed, but that it descended and spread until the belles of Spain and France came to consider their toilette incomplete if one of these favorite appendages was missing.

The flabellum, known by the name of *amouchoir*, was in use in France during the thirteenth century, but it was not employed in private life until the following century.

Fans were made of lamels of ivory, and the circular kinds of rice straw, of silk, of cloth, of cloth of gold or silver, and rich embroidery was lavished on these attractive luxuries.

Queen Clemence had "a fly flap of broidered silk," and King Charles V. "a round folding fly trap in ivory, with the arms of France and Navarre, and a handle of ebony."

Spanish fans in the fifteenth century were circular, and composed of paper ornamented with feathers.

Tufts of feathers attached to ivory handles were used in Italy in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Grains of Gold.

If we had but more faith, we should have less care.

No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

We shall all be perfectly virtuous when there is no longer any flesh on our bones.

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us live so as to at least deserve happiness.

Where a cause is good, an appeal should be directed to the heart rather than the head.

A rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation.

Happiness depends not so much on means and opportunities as on the capacity of using them.

Our happiness depends less upon the art of pleasing than it does upon a uniform disposition to please.

If you want to do right, you must be right. There is no such thing as well-doing apart from well-being.

Be at least as polite to father, mother, child, as to others; for they are more important to you than any other.

A right mind and generous affection have more beauty and charms than all other symmetries in the world besides.

Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them.

Faith in a sublime truth, loyalty to a great purpose, will make the faces of men shine like the sun, and their raiment white as the light.

Men's fortunes are oftener made by their tongue than by their virtues; and more fortunes overthrown thereby, also, than by their vices.

A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home, and the sweetest music in all the world to one who loves you. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has at least this use: That it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle will seldom be vicious.

Chivalry is not confined to the relation of the sexes. It is a sentiment which should rightly inspire all who are highly favored in any respect towards those who are less fortunate.

"When a stranger treats me with want of proper respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the thought that it is not myself he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which have no particular claims to admiration."

Femininities.

A maiden hath no tongue, but thought.

A fashionable woman is always in love with herself.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

Kindness in women, not their beauty in looks, shall win my love.

No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.

It takes two women (his mother and his wife) to make a good man.

Every year a woman lives the more pains she should take with her dress.

A man may be a bachelor and be good, but the chances are against him.

Chicago now compels shopkeepers to maintain seats for their feminine clerks and attendants.

The Cohocktou, O., Presbyterian Church has elected two women trustees and a woman collector.

The most delicate the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasure of others.

A man says his wife is only half like a telescope. He can draw her out, but he can't shut her up.

A plain woman can never be what is called pretty. She can always be fascinating if she takes pains.

One of the most seductive illusions of love is to imagine that we contribute to the happiness of those we love.

A Montana girl has been kidnapped by a bear. She probably got one hug from the animal and followed it off.

A little girl in a Sunday-school being asked why God made flowers, replied, "I suppose for patterns for artificial ones."

There is a woeful lack of eligible young men at the watering-places this season, but perhaps they have heard the meaning of the tied.

A Chicago lady has bleached her hair to match the shade of her bright sorrel horse. She wouldn't know what to do if her horse should dye.

The intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning.

Esteem not thyself for the height of thy stature, nor for the beauty of thy person, which may be disfigured and destroyed at any moment by sickness.

Fainting in the surf is said to be popular at seaside resorts this summer. One trial at that sort of thing would be a surfeit for most girls, we should think.

"No," she said, "there is no deception about me. When my first husband died, I didn't take on like a sick calf. It must be a calamity of some sort before I make any fuss."

In some respects a mouse is far superior to a man. A mouse could make a woman hustle around and climb on the table and squeal, while a man couldn't make her budge an inch.

A young man or young woman in love is as blind as a bat, and the beloved object might be as full of faults as the Platte valley is full of toads, without the one who is principally interested finding it out.

What promised to be a pure love match was broken off the other day when a Camden man discovered that his intended bride had used four eggs in making a pie when eggs were thirty-five cents a dozen.

"Has George proposed yet, Emily?" "No, ma, but he did the next thing to it last evening." "What did he do?" "He asked me if I knew whether or not paregoric was injurious to teething children."

Husband, who returns home unexpectedly at 2 A. M. from a visit to a distant city, knocks at his wife's door. Wife—"Who's there?" Husband—"Your husband. Whom else do you expect at this hour?"

Girls, when you marry, be sure to wed a big, strong, healthy man. While in nine cases out of ten he won't bring up the coal, he'll come in handy in the fall to sit on a book filled with autumn leaves, to press them.

Any society for the prevention of cruelty to birds should take note that an enterprising woman from New York has contracted with a Paris millinery firm to deliver during this summer 40,000 skins of birds at 40 cents each.

A "sweet girl graduate" at the June commencement read a clever original essay entitled, "Deceit a Crime." Next day she paid $15 for a new set of bangs, and bought a corset with much plumpness where it would do the most good.

A streak of lightning struck a red-headed Western woman the other day, says a Westbro paper, and turned her hair black. And now there are so many red-headed women running about in every thunder storm that you would think the prairie was on fire.

The French ambassador to the English Court paid a neat compliment, recently, to a portress who had been talking to him for an hour. The lady said: "You must think I am very fond of the sound of my own voice." The Frenchman replied: "I knew you liked music."

"What," asks a very tender writer, "what can take the place of babies?" Sh! Bend your ear a little lower and we'll tell you. Other babies. You didn't suppose this year's crop lasted forever, did you? Goodness, man, it will be clear out of style in eighteen months.

The girl of the period no longer uses slang, and she has otherwise toned herself down to the verge of demureness. It is on horseback, however, that she shows her mettle, and she rides a horse that is as mettlesome as she is. There is no rocking-horse precision of movement in these days.

News Notes.

Negroes rarely commit suicide.

Dog bedsteads are now popular.

Henry Ward Beecher is learning to ride the bicycle.

The craze for antique furniture is booming just now.

The Czar smokes four packages of cigarettes every day.

A snowbank still lingers on a farm near Clockville, N. Y.

Over 400 silk mills, it is estimated, are in operation in this country.

Senator Sherman is said to be one of the best whist players in the Senate.

There is $119,000,000 of gold coin in the Treasury vaults at Washington.

A colored girl at Saratoga wears $10,000 worth of diamonds when she is dressed up.

A Brockton, Mass., farmer has eaten but once each day, dining at noon, for 32 years.

A scientist states that bees do not begin to gather honey until they are sixteen or seventeen days old.

The hop-waltz will have to go. Spanish and Cuban dances, slow and graceful, are coming into fashion.

A stroke of lightning has cured Mr. Abraham Cuddleback, of Damascus, this State, of a stroke of paralysis.

A little tobacco-chewing gazelle is to be added to the attractions of the Central Park Zoological Gardens.

The fashionable baby-carriage at the seaside is canoe-shaped, and sometimes has a miniature sail for a sunshade.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Patents shows that Mr. Edison took out 42 patents during the year 1883.

The boarding house for cats at Battersea, London, receives boarders at the uniform rate of about 25 cents a week.

Chicago does not intend to be left. She has a school where the usages and etiquette of English society are taught.

The Yuma Indians, on the Colorado River, bury watermelons in the dry sand and preserve them all the winter.

Dr. Johnson said his tea-kettle had no time to cool. With tea he solaced the midnight hour and welcomed the morning.

During the twelve years occupied in the translation of the new version of the Old Testament 12 of the 27 translators died.

Many Hindoo husbands in Bombay cut off their wives' noses by way of punishment. Five such cases occurred in one week.

Under the new divorce laws in France, the making of a report of divorce proceedings is made punishable by a heavy fine.

Oysters two feet in diameter, and weighing 20 pounds, including the shells, are said to be found occasionally in Puget Sound.

Most of the Japanese newspapers are modeled after English journals, but one of them reads from the bottom of the column upward.

A Kansas jury gave the following verdict in a case where a man died in a state of intoxication: "Death by hanging—round a rum shop."

A St. Louis photographer is doing a good business in exclusively gumming photographs, the size of postage stamps, for which there is a large demand.

A cucumber, in lieu of ice, is cut in slices and laid upon the heads of fever patients in England. The effect is said to be cool, grateful and refreshing.

By a bill now before the British Parliament, it is proposed to prohibit women in Scotland from standing on the outside of any window while cleaning it.

Two Frenchmen, the brothers Forre, have invented a new kind of harp, made entirely of wood. Instead of strings, the inventors use strong strips of American fir.

Lightning knocked a skillet out of the hands of an aged colored woman in Montgomery, Ala., and killed two dogs in the yard, without doing her any injury.

The very atmosphere of Maysville, Ga., seems hymeneal. With a population of only 800, that town has had, or is about to have, 15 weddings all within a fortnight.

After eating nearly two quarts of ice-cream, at a church fair in Setauket, Suffolk county, N. Y., James Gormley dropped dead. His death was ascribed to heart disease.

A Cleveland concern has gone to work on a new mouthpiece for the telephone, by which a whisper can be transmitted, and perfect secrecy from bystanders thus secured.

Imitations of old books are common enough, but a firm in Dusseldorf, Germany, has had the superhuman "nail" to ask for a patent for its process of imitating them.

The Bible Society has decided to discontinue its practice of providing railway coaches with Bibles. So few of them are read, and so many stolen, that the work is not producing good results.

To a stranger, one of the greatest curiosities of Japan is the wonderful variety of coins that are in daily use. In some instances it takes 1,000 pieces to make $1. These are called "cash."

An Ohio farmer says that a cow can be cured of kicking "by catching hold of her leg while in the act." This is probably true: at least, those who have tried it never saw the cow kick again.

Hay water is a great sweetener of tin, wooden and iron ware. In Irish dairies everything used for milk is scalded with hay water. Boil a handful of sweet hay in water, and put in the vessel when hot.

What I Saw.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

WHEN I was first ushered into the world, I was as bright a bit of gold as ever you saw.

Mind, I don't say I was solid; but there are very few solid things in this world.

I shone and glittered, and shone until you'd have thought I was very valuable. I was, for a button.

There were dozens of us in rows on a blue card, and we were laid in a long box, quite to our disgust, for when one is handsome, one likes to be seen; but it wasn't for long, for we'd not been in the case a day, when the cover was lifted, and we heard the gentleman who had charge of us, say—

"Here, Mr. Stitcher, is the very size you want, and the pattern, too, if I'm not mistaken."

"You're right," said Mr. Stitcher. "Give me ten dozen of 'em."

Then ten dozen of us were cut off, and the tailor—for that is what Mr. Stitcher was—put them into a bag he carried, and walked off with us, but not before he had said—

"Those coats for the naval officers' ball will go home to-night, Mr. Thompson, but it's been a close shave to do it."

How we chuckled down in the bag at that.

We felt that, indeed, we were aristocratic buttons if we were destined to adorn the dress coats of naval officers, and when we were really fastened on to the coats, as we soon were, we were prouder still.

There isn't a handsomer coat anywhere than a naval officer's dress-coat—soft and rich—as dainty a thing as can be made.

My officer was a tall fellow, with a blonde moustache, and he took great interest in the coat, and took two glasses to look at its back when he had me on, and said—

"By Jove, not a wrinkle."

Then he put a flower in my button-hole—mine, and away we went in a carriage, with white kid gloves on, to my first ball.

How little I thought then that I should be old and tarnished.

How much less that I could possibly drop off—but such was my fate.

I was unfortunately, the very last button sewed on, and the sewing was done in a hurry.

Though I did not know it at the time, only one frail thread had passed through my shank.

In the midst of a waltz that thread broke, and I dropped off.

I rolled upon the floor, and was kicked about by the feet of the dancers.

If I had had a voice, I should have screamed aloud, but you know buttons are mute.

At last, however, I was rescued.

A little white-gloved hand picked me up and held me close, and silly dropped me into a silk-lined pocket.

"I saw him lose it," I heard a pretty woman's voice murmur. "I know it is Captain Mortimer's."

"Well, then, if she is a lady, she'll return it," I said to myself.

But she did not.

That night I went home, not to a gentleman's room, but to a fair lady's.

All alone in this room with me, she took me from her pocket and kissed me.

Never was I so surprised; but I soon found it was not for my own sake.

"I know you do not love me now, Mortimer," she whispered; "but you have worn this, and I will keep it."

She kissed me again, and strung me upon a little blue silk ribbon, and tied me about her white neck.

All night I laid against her soft heart and felt it beat.

I was not sorry that I had been lost from the officer's coat.

Indeed, I detested him now; for from what this lovely creature said to me, it was plain that he had made love to her, and at last jilted her for someone who had more money.

I made up my mind, of course, that I should be worn about the young lady's neck for ever; and as I went a great deal into company, it was very pleasant to me; but I reckoned without my host.

Youth is youth.

Pretty soon the young lady cossed to talk so much about Mortimer.

Another gentleman had come upon the carpet.

Soon she was engaged.

On that evening I was hastily crammed into a box, and heartlessly left there.

Rose was married and went upon her bridal tour, and unless the lid of the box happened to be up, I saw nothing of the fine doings.

When she had gone, her little sister came into the room one day, spied me and carried me off.

After that I was for a long time a doll's watch.

I hung upon gold thread about a china neck, and was carried all about the house, up stairs and down, even out into the streets sometimes.

At last—my destiny has ever hung upon a thread—that gold twist snapped in two, and I rolled into a space between the paving stones.

There I lay deserted, forlorn, and dirty, my gilding fast going, and no one even taking any notice of me.

It was the pavement outside a little park, a quiet, aristocratic place; ladies, dressed in velvet and costly silk, swept past; dainty children trotted by.

At last one day my lady came there; she who had worn me on her heart so long.

She walked slowly up and down; one white hand was ungloved, upon it glittered her wedding-ring and its keeper.

She looked at her watch.

"He is late," she said.

Then she blushed rosy red, and whispered—

"No; he comes."

"She is married," I said to myself. "It must be that it is her husband who is coming."

I looked.

Through the leafy shadows of the park, past the innocent children and the pure, sparkling water of the fountain, came my first owner, Mortimer.

They walked up and down together.

Often their feet touched me.

I could not hear what they said, but I saw how she looked.

It was enough for me.

Again, had the poor gilt button had but a voice, how it would have cried out.

But, alas, would she have listened to me when she was heedless of the mute appeal of the wedding ring upon her finger?

I fear not.

Often and often after that they met there.

It was spring time when they had first came.

In autumn, when the leaves had rustled from the trees and carpeted the ground, they came there still.

Now she often wept, and he sometimes spoke almost angrily.

I knew something terrible was about to happen.

At last one morning Mortimer came to the rendezvous, and walked up and down alone.

Now he looked at his watch and wondered that she was late; for she was generally there long before he came to meet her.

Now, instead of her light tread, came the rapid footfall of an angry man.

I saw for a moment a face I had not seen since Rose's wedding-day—the brown, bearded face of her husband. An oath rang upon the air.

I heard the report of a pistol, then Mortimer fell across me, dead, and his life-blood dripped over my tarnished gilding.

After that a crowd, a bustle, then in the uniform of police.

The body was carried away.

The rain washed the blood from the pavement.

Still I remained wedged in my nook, and on my breast one dry drop of that false heart's blood.

Years went by.

There was no gilding left upon me.

I was a bit of rusted metal—nothing more—and one day—a winter day, bleak, cold, miserable—a wretched creature staggered through the deserted park, and sat down near me.

She wore clothes that were more shreds and tatters.

Her face, not an old one, yet was miserably thin.

Save for two flapping slippers, her feet were bare.

She put her cold skeleton arm upon the cold stones, and laid her head upon it.

"Here he died;" she said. "Mortimer! Mortimer."

And I knew Rose's voice. Oh, a faded and a withered rose, indeed!

Then her eyes—dying eyes, I knew—caught sight of me.

She put her finger under the crevice of the stone and lifted me out.

"How odd," she said. "I wore such a button as this was, once over my heart for a year, because it dropped from his coat. How strange I should find one here where he died."

Then she took me in her hand.

It closed on me.

Soon it grew cold.

Do you know they are going to bury me with her—those who found her?

They could not wrench the hand open.

Perhaps they did not try much.

It was only a poor, unfortunate, nameless woman who was found dead.

It did not matter.

THE FIRST STRAW HAT.—It was somewhere about the year 1630 that, on a certain Sunday, no Dame Blank was seen in the family pew; the little ones in charge of their nurse only appeared, and to the inquiry, "Where was mother?" sadly replied, "Mother had no hat; father had thrown it on the fire in a passion." No "blue ribbon" or "band" checked the hateful propensity of her husband. Dame Blank had taught her children to plait straw and rush baskets and, "as she pondered the question of new head-gear, she chanced to have a few straws in her hand, which she plaited mechanically around her finger, layer over layer." She twisted her plaits into a hat, steeple-crowned, like those worn by the Puritans. Her hat, so unique, attracted the notice of some ladies of rank; they gave her orders so numerous that she had to increase her workwomen, and established a trade for which she became famous, and in the "Annals of Leeds" her name and doings are recorded.

FEED.—This should be given with the utmost regularity and uniformity—never more than will be all eaten up long before the next feeding time. Then the animals have an appetite for their food, so that coarse fodder may be first given, to be followed with better, and by grain in some form, if this be a part of the daily ration. This is no doubt the most economical system, securing the least waste and best digestion of all kinds of fodder used in the ordinary way.

STRIKES.

Workmen on strike most idle are,
And drop their tools, their work and pay.
But other trades fare better far,
When they keep up, in busy way,
Strike after strike day after day.

For instance, see the brawny smith
Beside his ruddy forge of fire,
And daily with an arm of pith
He strikes, and likewise strikes for hire
Pay. And, pounding bars and spikes,
He ne'er stops work, altho' he "strikes."

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Birds of a feather—A "lark" and a "bat."

In what color should a secret be kept? Inviolate.

The question of the day: "Is it warm enough for you?"

A coachman is the saddest of all men, for his life is full of "whoa!"

The latest fashion in trousers is to melt a dude and pour him in hot.

"Soled again," remarked the cobbler, as he repaired an old pair of shoes.

When is money damp? When it is due in the morning and missed at night.

Dr. Holmes once gave a young doctor for a motto, "Small favors gratefully received."

Almost every country has its national melody, but the waltz is the music of the whirled.

The only people who never grumble at their lot are those who occupy one in the cemetery.

Which is the laziest class of people? Tall people; because they are always longer in bed than others.

Contempt of court—The small boy who hangs around the parlor and makes faces at his big sister's beau.

What is the difference between reckless speculation and a slice of bacon? One is a rash thing, the other a rasher.

When is it dangerous to enter a church? When there is a canon in the reading-desk, and a big gun in the pulpit.

Who was the first whistler, and what was his tune? The wind, when he whistled "Over the Hills and Far Away."

The following advertisement, it is said, appeared recently in a French newspaper: "Found—On Sunday last, a lace mitten embroidered with pearls? If the person who lost it will be kind enough to leave the other one at the office of this paper, she will greatly oblige the person who found the first."

ROBUST HEALTH

Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of **Scrofulous** and **Mercurial** impurities and the pollution of **Contagious Diseases.** It also neutralizes the poisons left by **Diphtheria** and **Scarlet Fever,** and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

Myriads of Cures

Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veldt-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve **PAIN** with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Sciatica,
Headache,
Toothache,
Inflammation,
Asthma,
Influenza,
Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaint,** Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms,

Fever and Ague.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from unCured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensation when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of **RADWAY'S PILLS** will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

Facetiæ.

Why are persons fatigued like a wheel? Because they are tired.

That which you have, and everybody else has at the same time—A name.

What part of speech are shopkeepers most anxious to sell? Articles.

Why is a clock always bashful? Because its hands are ever before its face.

"Darling, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the other half, love."

A glove fight—Trying to put on a number five on a number seven hand.

The ship that carries more passengers than the Great Eastern—Court-ship.

Why is a tradesman who keeps enlarging his stock like a reptile? He's an adder.

What vocalist can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn?

Love is blind. That is why so many young people like to court in the dark.

What is that which never asks a question yet requires many answers? A door-bell.

Show us the young lady whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

"Hard lines," muttered the tramp when he tried to cut a clothes-rope and found it made of wire.

When a tree is felled, why has it no right to complain? Because it was axed whether it would or not.

Why is a comet more like a dog than the dog-star? Because a comet has got a tail, and the dog-star hasn't.

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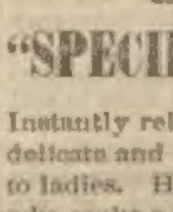

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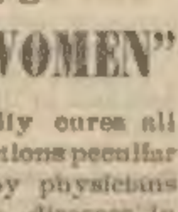

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IT is very evident that one of the successes of the approaching Autumn, or of next Winter, is to be the straight-falling plaited back breadth for short dresses, in lieu of the puffed draperies of later times. Of course there will be no exclusion of these last, only the other style will be newer, and the best French houses seem to look upon it with a very partial eye.

There are two ways of making these backs. Either in the princesse shape, when the pointed basque in front is shaped gracefully over the hips to fall behind in a redingote that nearly touches the hem of the underdress, or in a plaited square drapery, like an apron, that hangs from underneath the postilion of the waist.

In both cases some lining is necessary in order to insure the plaits keeping their folds and the whole thing hanging properly; underneath, the bustle of medium size must be worn.

Allow the plaits to hang limp, suppress the scaffolding beneath that is intended to hold the whole dress out, and these straight backs have not an atom of style left.

As to the lining, one may naturally make an exception when very heavy cloths are used, as they doubtless will be for walking suits in this shape next Winter.

A model for a travelling and walking dress of mohair for the Autumn, which contains this feature, is the following:

Foundation skirt edged with a box-plaited flounce, six inches deep, of gray mohair, front covered with five broad bias pieces, like tucks, forming a full, short apron, tucked up very high on the hips, straight breadth laid in big round plaits behind, falling to below the top of the flounce; lining of crinoline inside these plaits; jacket basque rounded in front, straight over the hips, plaited into a postilion behind.

Vest of gray moire, jacket clasped once a little below the throat with a worked silver ornament, and small silver ball buttons on vest.

Straight collar of moire on jacket, narrowing in the front, revers of moire, broad on the outside of the arm, narrow on the inside, for the sleeves.

This same model is good enough, stylish enough and characteristic enough of the latest aspects of fashion to be well borne in mind.

It would be very nice copied in ladies' cloth for the Autumn, too, say in blue, with vest of buff-colored pique.

A hat of dark blue straw, with bows and ends to match, piled up on the front and intermingled with some big yellow daisies, would complete the costume stylishly. But of the straight-plaited backs there are many other examples.

I noticed the other evening a very unique little veiling dress of pale rose color, the skirt of which was striped with bands of satin ribbon that ended near the hem in two loops.

Between these loops were clusters of side plaits, giving the effect of a flounce, broken by the ribbon loops.

The front drapery was very short, laid in a great many fine plaits at the belt, and arranged diagonally across and high on the left side.

The bodice, pointed in front, was square behind, with a double row of ribbon loops trimming the postilion; the back drapery fell thence in straight plaits down to the foot of the skirt.

On the point of the bodice was a puffed plastron of the veiling, that stopped just below the bust, and had the look of passing under a little flat vest of the rose-colored satin that ran into the peak of the waist.

The standing collar had a collar of Honiton lace basted inside and falling carelessly over the former.

This would be equally pretty in white or pale blue; also in white, with very pale blue for the satin ribbons; but the blue would have to be very delicate, indeed, or the effect would be hard and lacking in distinction.

Some of the prettiest of the veiling seen this Summer have been those sprinkled with chenille dots, but there have not been many, while abroad they have been extremely popular.

This material is made up with plain veiling. The chenille spots are prettiest when quite large and set a sufficient distance from each other.

One can have the foundation skirt covered half way up to the belt with alternate flounces of plain and spotted veiling; all perhaps three or four inches broad, and the chenille spotted gathered, while the plain ones are finely plaited.

A deep puff of the spotted veiling may descend from the belt to the top of these flounces; the back, also, of the chenille spotted veiling may be draped over a long rounded puff.

A basque opening over a puffed plastron of the plain veiling, strapped across below the bust by bands of satin ribbon fastened in the middle by tiny little love-knots, finishes the toilet very nicely.

This may be made of pale blue, white, pink, or in white with garnet and red chenille spots, and red ribbons, etc.

I will here notice a new and original way of arranging the back draperies of a dress of plain and figured material combined; say, for instance, plain and figured cashmere or veiling, these fabrics being so much in use at this season.

There is a plaited veil of figured goods that falls almost or quite to the hem of the underskirt; the left side of it is covered by a drapery of plain material, gathered up into a puff under the postilion of the basque and looped gracefully at intervals.

The bottom of it is finished off square, and below it one sees a few inches of the figured drapery; so all one side of the back view is straight, plaited and figured, and the other is plain, puffed and looped.

But of all the newer models published the following should have the palm, which has the merit of perfect originality combined with perfect good taste; and these two qualities are not as frequently found in conjunction as one could wish.

The materials are gros grain or ottoman and velvet. The skirt is of the heavy silk, quite plain around the bottom, and quite flat around the front.

In the back there are two double box plaits, with a lining of crinoline that stiffens the folds.

There is a tunique of the silk draped slightly higher on the left than on the right side, and finishing behind in two long draped points, like swallows' wings, that touch the hem of the underdress, and between which the box plaits show.

The bodice is of velvet, perfectly plain; the front of the tunique is carried up in a flat plastron across the right side of the same to the shoulder, then passes over the edges of the bodice across the hips to join the back puffings; this portion resembles an apron.

A band of velvet, cut out in a slanting festoon, and edged with a narrow end to match, is set along the tunique in front and on one side of the plastron that covers the right side of the waist, and this conceals the buttons of the bodice.

Below the waist line the side seams of this apron-like front are slightly slit open in order to give space for two straps of velvet to pass from underneath, and these straps are simply crossed with short ends and thus fastened.

Anything more to the point I have not seen for a long time. The velvet and ottoman may be of the same color, but a more chic result is gained by combining two colors in the costume.

Such combinations one might make as myrtle green or dark moss green velvet with some shade of light wood-colored silk, or wine-colored velvet with silver gray faille.

The conjunction of myrtle green and a shade of mahogany is an eminently Parisian fancy, full of chic, which has had its many votaries for some time abroad; this combination, too, would be more than happy for the model in question.

A dress of this sort is always in season. Handsome to wear in the evening at country resorts just now, and equally handsome later on for a visiting dress in the Autumn (with a short shoulder cape of velvet added, perhaps), or for an informal dinner, or a dressy horse toilet.

The elevated tendency both in hats and bonnets continues undiminished, nor is it as yet apparent that there will be any return to lower effects in millinery for the Autumn.

Many bonnets of the "Minerva's Helmet" shape (these are especially fashionable abroad this season) are trimmed up so very high in front that the effect is decidedly exaggerated, and not really becoming to the great number of faces.

Another style has a soft crown of tulle, ecru, cream-white, silver-gray, lightly embroidered, and an edging of the same falling half over a wreath of roses or any other flowers, closely packed and set under the brim in front.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES FOR BAZARS.

BAZARS and fancy fairs are still considered a legitimate way of raising funds for charitable purposes, and though the style of holding them, and the dresses of those who take part, are in great measure ruled by the dictates of fashion, the articles disposed of are still of the most heterogeneous description, and only need to be attractive-looking to find ready purchasers for at least half as much again, or even double their real value.

The two most popular forms that ladies' industry has taken lately seem to be painting and embroidery of various kinds.

With the first, are ornamented all kinds of things, whether appropriate or not, down to kettles, flower-pots, and even drain-pipes. These last are converted into really pretty receptacles for a pot of flowers.

Embroidery probably will never be considered out of fashion, and although the excellence of machine-made work is such as to rather discourage people from spending time over working it by hand, yet a good thing always has a value in the eyes of the general, as well as the bazar-going, public.

A pretty and effective work, suitable for the decoration of curtains, quilts, etc., has recently been introduced from Germany. A bold pattern, say of vine-leaves and grapes, is ironed off on to brown holland, and the holland then tacked in its place on the curtain.

The outline of the design must next be followed in loose button-hole or chain-stitch, either in dark-brown or holland-colored silk, and a little shading introduced here and there to improve the general effect.

When the whole pattern is done, the holland must be cut away, leaving only the light-colored pattern in relief on a darker ground.

As this is a very bold and effective style of applique, it is only suitable for curtains and quilts, or any other large piece of work.

Quilts look very well made of alternate stripes of this work and velvet or patch-work. A scalloped border of the applique should be arranged at the edge, with a tassel attached at each point.

This embroidery also looks very effective if applied to waste-paper or soiled-linen baskets, which are, now-a-days, made as ornamental as though they were to be used in a prominent position in a house.

The ornamentation of baskets of all kinds opens out a vast field for the application of embroidery, and at a bazar held lately, one stall was entirely devoted to the sale of baskets of all kinds.

A very favorite style of trimming the little hampers that are just now so popular, is to tack round the opening of the basket a ball fringe with rather large balls, while on the lid are fastened several flat tufts, which match the ball fringe exactly.

Baskets of a larger size may have a band of embroidery on them, cut out in rather large vandykes, with a chenille ball between each point.

Baskets for holding logs of wood look well if they are covered thickly outside with husks of beech-nuts, chestnuts, fir-cones and acorns, arranged in a symmetrical pattern, fastened on with glue, and then varnished.

Many people use pieces of cork, cut into irregular and rough pieces, to fill up stray corners with.

Dog-baskets, provided with bright-colored cushions or blankets, would be sure to sell well.

Very elegant flower-baskets, gilded and furnished with a little tin receptacle to hold water, are now much appreciated, as are also the small, very lightly-made hampers.

In short, the variety of baskets is innumerable, and while the mania lasts for using them for all sorts of purposes, they will be sure to find ready purchasers.

Menu cards, hand-painted, and sold in sets of six and twelve, are profitable for bazar purposes; they may be obtained very inexpensively, all ready for painting, and always sell well.

The new name cards for use on dinner-tables are also popular, and are easily manufactured at home.

A piece of white card, about the size of a gentleman's visiting card, is all that is required; but a butterfly, small flower, bud, or similar design, is painted across one corner.

At the back must be gummed a piece of card, bent so as to form a leg for the name card to stand on. Sometimes they are ornamented by a colored scrap fastened on at one side.

Some have a butterfly so arranged that only its body is fastened to the card, the wings being raised and folded together, as if the insect was just in the act of settling on the card.

If the names are written in pencil, and afterwards rubbed out, these cards may be used again and again.

The production of painting on silk or satin is now made wonderfully easy for those who have neither time nor capacity to do the real thing, by the use of the new silk transfers.

They are similar to the transfers used for paper, and the mode of using them is very simple.

They must be damped with a wet sponge, the colored side laid down on the article to be decorated, a piece of muslin spread over it, and well pressed with a flat-iron. When quite dry, if the muslin and paper be removed, a perfect impression of the painting will be left on the silk.

A set of round d'Oyleys, made of pale-colored satin edged with flat pleatings of white lace, and ornamented with sprays or wreaths of these transfers, will do admirably to help furnish a bazar-stall, or they form a pretty and acceptable gift.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

'Tis the man of prayer that receives large communications from God.

Correspondence.

NELLIE.—Vulcanite is india-rubber impregnated with sulphur.

JACK.—Cousins are allowed to marry, but the relationship is so close that many people consider such marriages unadvisable.

HISTORICUS.—"The Quixote of the North" was Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, sometimes called the Madman.

READER.—Signalling on railways is managed in a large number of ways, and several long articles would be needed to explain them all. From the earliest days of railways some sort of signaling was in use.

E. E. E.—Nervousness arises from many causes, some being so serious that it might be necessary to be thoroughly examined by a medical man, who could inquire as to your own health and life, and that of your parents.

E. J. H.—The quotation, "Fresh fields and pastures new," is incorrect, though it is very commonly given in that way. The correct rendering is, "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new," and it is from Milton's "Lycidas," line 193.

AGEMEMNON.—There are plenty of books that will help you in learning to draw correctly. But, whatever you do, commence with the lowest grades and master each one before you take up with another. Any good book-seller or dealer in artists' materials will help you to choose the right books.

A. H. D.—According to the latest census returns, the population of France was 37,672,048; of Germany, 45,194,177; of Austria, 37,741,494; of Russia, 100,038,342; of the United States, 50,152,560. These last figures for the United States were for 1880, but it is estimated that the population is now more than 52 millions.

LONDON.—1. The first burial in St. Paul's Cathedral was that of its builder, Sir Christopher Wren. He is buried in the extreme east of the crypt. The earliest statue erected was that of Howard, the philanthropist. 2. The mock title, "Abbot of Fools or Misrule," was the name given to a person during the middle ages to preside over the Christmas festivities. The "Abbot of Misrule" was changed into the "Lord of Misrule" at the Reformation.

QUERIST.—In olden times barbers were also chirurgeons and let blood. Patients operated upon were given a pole to grasp, in order to make the blood flow freely; it often happened that the pole became stained with blood, and so it was painted red. When not in use, the barber would hang it outside his door, with the white linen bands twisted round it, this custom in later times giving rise to the plan of painting it in different colors.

META.—Black pimples or spots on the face are caused by a hardening of the secretions in the small glands of the skin. They often result from a heated state of the blood, and from want of sufficient exercise. They are difficult to remove, and painful pimples are often caused by constantly endeavoring to get rid of the spots by squeezing them. The use of tepid water, and oatmeal instead of soap, is recommended. But more frequently they indicate that nature is assisting the constitution in throwing off some inward impurity which, if not got rid of in this way, might imperil the life of the patient. Our advice to all is to abstain from doing anything to throw these pimples inward.

NIL DESP.—You deserve great credit for the persistency with which you have labored to improve both your education and position under somewhat adverse circumstances. As you have so little physical strength, some lighter employment would certainly seem to suit you better than that in which you are at present engaged. But always remember there is much risk in giving up old and familiar work for that which is new and untried. Do not, in any case, resign your present situation until you are sure of getting another; but, meanwhile, lose no opportunity of rendering yourself thoroughly competent for higher work.

LEGO.—The following is Lord Brougham's opinion of the duty an advocate owes to his client: "An advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world—that client and none other. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and amongst others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection."

ALICE.—All Hallows' Eve (October 31st) is clearly a relic of pagan times, the leading idea of which is that this is the time, of all others, when supernatural influences prevail. There are in connection with it many superstitions and curious observances, the chief of which is the bobbing for apples, which provides such a fund of amusement to the youngsters. There are many others, some connected with ideas of matrimony, and one of these is the celebrated spell of eating an apple before a looking-glass, with the view of discovering the inquirer's future husband, who, it is believed, will be seen peering over her shoulder. Burns refers to this when he says—

"Wee Jenny to her granny says:
'Will ye go wi' me granny?
I'll eat the apple at the glass,
I gat frae Uncle Johnny.'"

B. L. M.—Have you yet learnt that your duty is to obey those put in authority over you? That you are not clever is not your fault, but you can at least be painstaking and industrious, and plodding industry often stands in front of brilliant talent. At any rate, you will prove to your teachers that you have determined to do your best, and you will be sure to command their sympathy and respect. And if your face is not prepossessing, why should not your manners? Try for once the effect of returning good for evil, and so heap coals of fire on the heads of your playmates. Be not easily provoked, but with a good heart and a good courage wear down the ill-concealed dislike of your companions, and make friends of them even against their will. Follow our advice in these respects for awhile, and we feel sure you will soon laugh at your folly in thinking of "running away."